

Research Materials/Source Documents
AWARDS & DECORATIONS

FILE TITLE: Sgt Archibald Mathies, Medal of Honor Recipient - WW II

Reviewed by:

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Air Force Enlisted Heritage Research Institute





































DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
AIR FORCE RECORDS CENTER
ST. LOUIS 32, MISSOURI



STATEMENT OF MILITARY SERVICE

OF

ARCHIBALD MATHIES

(13 012 482)

Born 3 June 1918 in Scotland

Private, Regular Army	30 Dec 40
Private First Class, Army of the United States, Air Corps	11 Dec 41
Corporal, Army of the United States, Air Corps	1 Aug 42
Sergeant, Army of the United States, Air Corps	1 Sep 42
Staff Sergeant, Army of the United States, Air Corps	17 Feb 44

SCHOOLS ATTENDED

Airplane Mechanic School, Chanute Field, Illinois	1941
Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School, Tyndall Field, Florida	1943

AERONAUTICAL DESIGNATION

Aircrew Member

SERVICE

Archibald Mathies enlisted in the Regular Army on 30 December 1940 at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was attached to Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, 8th Pursuit Wing, and later assigned to the 36th Air Base Group, Maxwell Field, Alabama. On 5 March 1941, he was transferred to the 31st School Squadron, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he remained until 24 March 1941. He then was attached to the 36th School Squadron, Chanute Field, Illinois, where he attended the Airplane Mechanic School, graduating from this course on 1 October 1941.

He departed Chanute Field and proceeded to Mitchel Field, New York, where he served with the 1st Air Support Command and later the 33d Pursuit Group. He was transferred as a member of the 33d Pursuit Group to Morris Field, North Carolina, on 4 December 1941. On 6 February 1943, he was attached to the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Florida,

Mathies, Archibald

and completed the course in aerial gunnery on 22 March 1943. He then returned to Morris Field, North Carolina, and served with the 1st Air Service Command, until 12 April 1943, when he was assigned to the 73d Observation Group at Godman Field, Kentucky. On 14 April 1943, he joined the 91st Observation Squadron (redesignated 91st Reconnaissance Squadron) at Godman Field. From 25 July 1943 to 7 September 1943, he was attached to the 28th Bombardment Squadron, 19th Bombardment Group, at Pyote, Texas, and from 15 September 1943 to 22 November 1943, he served with the 796th Bombardment Squadron at Alexandria, Louisiana.

He departed the United States on 8 December 1943 and arrived in England on 16 December 1943. Upon his arrival, he was assigned to the 8th Air Force Replacement Depot Casual Pool and was subsequently attached to the 1st Replacement and Training Squadron until 18 January 1944. On 19 January 1944, he was assigned to the 510th Bombardment Squadron, 351st Bombardment Group, and served with that organization as an Engineer-Gunner until 20 February 1944.

On his second mission, 20 February 1944, Sergeant Mathies participated in a heavy bombardment attack on enemy installations at Leipzig, Germany. During this raid his ship was attacked by a squadron of enemy fighters, and he was killed in action. For his heroism and devotion to his comrades on that date, he was awarded the nation's highest decoration, the Medal of Honor.

DECORATIONS AND AWARDS

Medal of Honor - WD GO 52, 22 Jun 44


CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy in connection with a bombing mission over enemy occupied Europe on 20 February 1944. The aircraft on which Sergeant Mathies was serving as engineer and ball turret gunner was attacked by a squadron of enemy fighters with the result that the copilot was killed outright, the pilot wounded and rendered unconscious, the radio operator wounded, and the airplane severely damaged. Nevertheless, Sergeant Mathies and other members of the crew managed to right the airplane and fly it back to their home station, where they contacted the control tower and reported the situation. Sergeant Mathies and the navigator volunteered to

Mathies, Archibald

CITATION: attempt to land the airplane. Other members of the crew were ordered to jump, leaving Sergeant Mathies and the navigator aboard. After observing the distressed aircraft from another airplane, Sergeant Mathies' commanding officer decided the damaged airplane could not be landed by the inexperienced crew and ordered them to abandon it and parachute to safety. Demonstrating unsurpassed courage and heroism, Sergeant Mathies and the navigator replied that the pilot was still alive but could not be moved and that they would not desert him. They were then told to attempt a landing. After two unsuccessful efforts the airplane crashed into an open field in a third attempt to land. Sergeant Mathies, the navigator and the wounded pilot were killed.

Purple Heart (Posthumous)
American Defense Service Medal
American Campaign Medal
European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with one Bronze Service Star
for participation in the Air Offensive Europe Campaign
World War II Victory Medal
Aviation Badge "Aircrew Member"

FOR THE CHIEF OF STAFF:


A. J. PETROSKI
Director

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VP/2023

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

AS 204 Mathies, Archibald
(12 May 44) PB-3

17 June 1944.

Mrs. Mary Mathies,

Fishersville, Pennsylvania.

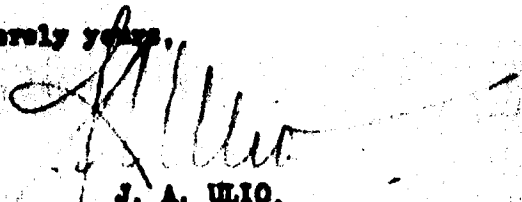
My dear Mrs. Mathies:

I have the honor to inform you that by direction of the President the Medal of Honor has been awarded posthumously by the War Department to your son, Sergeant Archibald Mathies, Air Corps, for conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty over enemy occupied Europe on 20 February 1944.

The Commanding General, Army Air Forces, Washington, D.C., has been directed to designate an officer to represent the President in presenting this decoration to you. Your wishes as to time and place of presentation should be communicated to the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, who, I am sure, will be pleased to make such arrangements as will be most convenient to you.

May I again extend my deepest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,



J. A. ULLOA,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.



United States Army



Air Corps Technical School

Be it known that

Private Archibald Mathies, 13012482,

Ltj & Ltj Sq, 7th Pursuit Wing,
has satisfactorily completed the prescribed

Airplane Mechanics

course of instruction at the Air Corps Technical School.

*In testimony whereof and by virtue of vested authority I
do confer upon him this*

DIPLOMA

Given on this twenty-sixth day of September,

in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-one.

[Signature]

Colonel, Air Corps

Commandant, Air Corps Technical School

United States Army



Army Air Forces

Be it known that

Sergeant ARCHIBALD MATHIES

has satisfactorily completed the course of instruction

prescribed for

Serial Gunners (Flexible)

at the Army Air Forces Gunnery School.

In testimony whereof and by virtue of vested authority

I do confer upon him this

DIPLOMA

Given at Tyndall Field, Fla. this *twenty-second* *day*
of *March* *in the year of our Lord one thousand*
nine hundred and forty-three.

Attest

C. R. Shearn

1st. Lt., Air Corps,
Secretary.

Jack F. Randolph
Lt. Col., Air Corps
Director of Gunnery

"TEN HORSEPOWER"

B17 G

43-31763 TU-A

Assigned to the 510th Bomb Squadron, 351st Bombardment Group (H), on January 30, 1944. Crashed on west side of A1 near Glatton (halfway between RAF Upwood and RAF Polebrook) on February 20, 1944.

Completed missions are listed below.

Date	Pilot	Target
Feb 3, 1944	Lt E.C. Caughlan	Wilhelmshaven, Germany
Feb 4, 1944	Lt H.E. Hopkins	Frankfurt, Germany
Feb 5, 1944	Lt C.W. McClelland	Chateauroux, France
Feb 6, 1944	Lt C.W. McClelland	Caen, France
Feb 11, 1944	Lt H.E. Hopkins	Frankfurt, Germany
Feb 20, 1944	Lt C.R. Nelson	Leipzig, Germany

"Mizpah" was the airplane that Capt Nelson's crew, along with Sgt Archie Mathies, trained in and flew to England. The name had been suggested by Capt Nelson's mother from the biblical reference in the Old Testament...meaning "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another."

Unfortunately, once in country, "Mizpah" was never assigned to the 351st Bomb Group.

HEADQUARTERS
A-1 STATION 110
APO 634

*From pictures I
have seen of crash
scene the plane
looked ramshackle*

22 February, 1944.

SUBJECT: Narrative Account of Crash of B-17-G, 42-31763.

TO : Commanding General, 1st Bombardment Division, APO 634.
(THRU: Commanding Officer, 94th Combat Bomb Wing)

1. Following is a narrative of the actions of Aircraft #42-31763, (Paramount, A-Able), and crew from the time the Aircraft was hit by enemy attack until it crashed. This narrative is based on information received from Sgt. MOORE, Top Turret, Sgt. HAGBO, Tail Gunner, Sgt. REX, Radio Operator, and Lt. Col. BURNS in contact with Aircraft from the watch tower, and my personal observations from the air, as I attempted to assist the crew from Aircraft Q-Queenie, 42-30499.

2. At about 1240 hours, just prior to the I.P., a squadron of ME-109's made a pass at the low Group of the 94th Combat Bomb Wing. On that pass Aircraft #42-31763, flying in the No. 3 position in the low Squadron, was hit and seen to fall out of formation followed by a couple of fighters. The aircraft disappeared among breaks in the cloud and was lost from view of crews in the formation.

3. Sgt. MOORE, Top Turret Gunner, relates that he heard the attack called out on the inter-phone and swung his turret forward to meet it. As he did so, he saw this ME-109, which was closing in from about 6100 high, commence firing, and the next instant heard and felt a 20mm shell explode in the cockpit.

4. Almost immediately the Aircraft fell out of formation in what has been described as a spin, or a flat spiral. The altitude at that time was 20,000 feet. Sgt. MOORE, sensing that something was quite amiss in the cockpit, stepped out from his turret and investigated. He found the co-pilot, F/O RONALD E. MARTLEY, dead and the Pilot, 2nd Lieut. CLARENCE R. NELSON, he presumed dead also. He thereupon took over control of the Aircraft and brought it under control. He is not sure of the altitude, nor of the elapsed time. Neither was he aware of the fact that fighters were attacking from the rear. He presumed all this took four or five minutes and knows that the flight hose was just above the tops of the clouds (report to be 5 to 6,000 feet).

5. During this interval, the Bombardier, Lt. MARTIN, called the crew and ordered them to bail out. He thereupon salvoed the bombs and went out the forward escape hatch. The tail gunner reports that he heard the order to bail out but wasn't sure the Bombardier knew what he was doing. (All members report Lt. MARTIN as being quite excitable and inclined to leave the Aircraft at the least excuse). Since enemy aircraft were about and

and attacking, he, and other gunners, stuck to their guns. He saw Lt. MARTIN drift by and reports seeing two other chutes at that time. No explanation has been found for the latter, except the possibility of a couple of fighter crews bailing out. Gunners all report enemy aircraft attacks ceasing after chutes were seen.

6. Once the Aircraft was under reasonable control, the Navigator, Lt. TRUMPER, came up to the cock-pit to assist Sgt. MOORE. After the attacks ceased, Sgt. MATHIES, the Engineer, came forward from the Ball Turret, also to assist. These three alternated flying the aircraft en-route to home. At first, they could fly only from between the seats, as both the Pilot and Co-Pilot were in the seats. Finally, after repeated efforts, they were able to move the Co-Pilot's body to the nose and then Sgt. MATHIES took over from the Co-Pilot's seat. As the glass on the Co-Pilot's side, principally above, was shot out, the bitter cold made the task doubly difficult, as no one of the three was able to endure the cold for any considerable period. Hence, they alternated flying until a low altitude was reached. Sgt. MOORE reports also that they had continually to exert forward pressure on the stick to maintain their flight level.

7. The Navigator, while Sgt. MATHIES was flying, had worked with his radio compass and other equipment and given a course to steer. Sgt. MOORE, meanwhile, had attempted to remove Lt. NELSON from the Pilot's seat, but found him too heavy. Lt. NELSON, at this point, was discovered to be breathing, and it was feared that any rough movement might prove fatal.

8. The flight home was reported to be uneventful, relatively speaking, being above the cloud most of the way, breaking out in the clear near the coast of Holland, they thought, where heavy and accurate flak was encountered. Details of the let-down are vague, but the break-out from the light haze and cloud was at about 1500 feet over the water. Land could be seen ahead and the coast-line was followed until relatively certain they could cross the coast without danger from flak.

9. The Radio Operator, Sgt. REX, although badly hurt by 20mm in his right hand and arm, was working with his radio and managed to set a QDM, which brought the aircraft to within range of our Flying Control on 6440. Contact was first established at 1533 hours. It has been learned that the Radio Operator, after receiving the QDM, returned his liaison set to 6440 so Sgt. MATHIES could contact Flying Control. The command radio was shot out at the same time as Sgt. REX was wounded.

10. Contact having been established from Flying Control, the condition of the aircraft and crew was learned and efforts made to save them. Sgt. MATHIES said he thought that the Navigator could land the Aircraft with coaching from the tower, and an Aircraft was dispatched to fly with 763 and assist him. All crew, except Navigator and Engineer were ordered to bail out, which was accomplished with no difficulty. Q-Queenie, 42-30499, dispatched to assist 763, located him and attempted to contact him. Although pilot was able to reach both 763, A-Able, and Flying Control, and Flying Control could reach Q-Queenie, no direct contact could be established with A-Able. On attempting to fly on his wing, it was discovered

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that his air-speed was varying from approximately 200 MPH to 120 MPH and it was impossible to assist him in maintaining even and constant flight. At this point, because of the erratic flight maintained, decision was made by Pilot of Q-Queenie, 42-30499, that 763, A-Able, could not be landed by the crew aboard. Flying Control was directed to instruct the Navigator and Engineer to bail out. Instructions were relayed as ordered; A-Able replied that the Pilot was severely injured, but not dead, and crew would not abandon the aircraft with him aboard, nor was it possible to remove him.

11. There was no further recourse but to attempt to assist A-Able to land, but apparently instructions to follow Q-Queenie, 42-30499, were not understood, or could not be followed. One attempt was made by A-Able to crash land at Molesworth. Flaps were lowered and air speed slowed to normal. However, he overshot badly and realizing it, went around. Instructions were relayed for A-Able to return to Polebrook for any landing attempt, as Airdrome had been cleared of traffic and prepared for emergency landing. A-Able headed North as directed, but missed Polebrook and joined heavy traffic at Glatton. At this time, Q-Queenie was following about 75 to 100 yards behind at about 180-190 MPH. As A-Able apparently joined traffic at Glatton, he suddenly veered off to the left in a sweeping diving turn past the tower, which, believing him attempting to land, shot red flares. He headed for an open field a mile or so away. As the Aircraft neared the ground, the throttles were out back, as evidenced by the flare-back from the turbos, apparently in an attempt to make a normal crash landing, but the Aircraft hit at an indicated speed of 200 MPH, in a slightly nose-down attitude at 1700. It skidded along the ground for 50 yards or more, then hit a mound of dirt and cart-wheeled and broke to pieces.

12. From Sgt. MOORE, it was learned that use of AFCE was attempted but Aircraft immediately went into a steep dive, so it was switched off and not used again. It was learned also that the 20mm which shot out the radio set apparently entered through the Bomb-Bay and severed some of the elevators control cables. It is believed that further breaking of these cables probably caused the crash.

13. Failure of Q-Queenie to contact A-Able can be laid only to noise in A-Able's cockpit from the air rushing through the broken glass, plus need to talk to other crew members, plus, the fact that 6440ke was very noisy during the entire time, and that there was likely a small frequency spread between the tower transmitter to which A-Able was tuned and that of Q-Queenie.

14. In all, attempts to assist A-Able lasted some 40 to 45 minutes before he crashed. Three of the crew who bailed out were injured in landing--one badly in the ankle; the other two moderately in leg and ankle.

of the lead squadron of the lead group.

3. A/C aborting:

- a. Lt. J.T. Eickhoff - A/C R-038 - because flak hit No. 2 engine over enemy coast, causing uncontrollable prop.

Erla Assembly Plant, Leipzig/Mockau A/D, LEIPZIG, Germany,
February 20, 1944.

I.G. Farbenindustrie, STRASSFURT, Germany, Target of Opportunity
picked when the Primary was cloud-obscured.

- 1. Low squadron of low combat group, 94th Combat Wing.

2. A/C participating:

- a. Lt. A.E. Grunow - A/C B-612 - 1A.
- b. Lt. W.R. Raser - A/C S-721 - 2A.
- c. Lt. C.R. Nelson - A/C A-763 - 3A.
- d. Lt. B.F. Winton - A/C P-853 - 1B.
- e. Lt. C.T. Walby - A/C F-845 - 2B.

3. Confirmed claims:

- a. S/Sgt. William Lamb, Jr. - A/C S-721 - 1 FW-190.
- b. S/Sgt. Ray B. Meador - A/C B-612 - 1 ME-109.
- c. S/Sgt. J.W. Cotterman - A/C P-853 - 1 ME-109.
- d. Sgt. P.A. Ruis - A/C F-845 - 1 ME-109.

- 4. A 20 MM bullet coming through the pilot's windshield killed the co-pilot immediately and knocked Lt. Nelson unconscious. The a/c (A-763) went into a spin, but the top turret gunner straightened it out. At this time the navigator came up to the pilot's hatch and brought the a/c back to England. Somewhere over Germany the bombardier jumped out. Over the base the top turret, tail, waist, and radio gunners bailed out, while the navigator and ball turret gunner flew the plane. Because the pilot was still alive, though unconscious, the latter two would not abandon the aircraft and bail out. In attempting to land, they cracked up and were killed.

- 5. Lead squadron of high group of 1st Combat Wing.

SECRET

DUTY RANK LAST (NAME) FIRST (MT) A.S.N. SQUADRON

PLANE # 42-37845-F

P	2nd Lt.	Walby, Charles T.	0-677617	510th
CP	2nd Lt.	Forsyth, Ralph M. Jr.	0-691490	"
N	2nd Lt.	Jatho, Charles W.	0-811653	"
B	2nd Lt.	Walaszek, Stanley	0-679408	509th
**TT	Sgt.	Stentifort, Archibald D.	31165688	510th
RO	S/Sgt.	Isaacson, Gerald	12182767	"
LWG	S/Sgt.	Brallon, Richard J.	311799392	"
RWG	Sgt.	Stevenson, Thad C.	19060307	"
BT	Sgt.	Ruis, Percy A.	39263284	"
TG	Sgt.	Covert, Paul T.	32807532	"

19-5-2-4
J.C.B.

PLANE # 42-31721-S

P	2nd Lt.	Raser, William R.	0-800939	"
CP	2nd Lt.	Crockett, William Jr.	0-746310	"
N	2nd Lt.	Johnson, Robert L. Jr	0-697871	"
B	2nd Lt.	Educheneau, John R.	0-744975	"
**TT	T/Sgt.	Theroux, Omar L.	31129282	"
RO	T/Sgt.	Ruschman, Elmer F.	35663101	"
LWG	S/Sgt.	Peterait, Bernard E.	39188905	"
RWG	S/Sgt.	Lamb, William Jr.	35568118	"
BT	S/Sgt.	Taylor, William R.	31075474	"
TG	S/Sgt.	Hullender, Ivey B.	14125222	"

PLANE # 42-31763-A

P	2nd Lt.	Nelson, Clarence R.	0-803854	"
CP	F/O	Bartley, Ronald E.	T-122530	"
N	2nd Lt.	Truemper, Walter H.	0-690508	"
B	2nd Lt.	Martin, Joseph R.	0-674704	"
**TT	Sgt.	Moore, Carl W.	13157912	"
RO	Sgt.	Rex, Joseph F.	15080298	"
LWG	Sgt.	Sowell, Thomas R.	18039676	"
RWG	Sgt.	Robinson, Russell R.	17091650	"
BT	Sgt.	Mathies, Archie	13012482	"
TG	Sgt.	Hagbo, Magness A.	39092585	"

Not in
Panama City

PLANE # 42-38038-R

P	1st Lt.	McClusky, Sterling L.	0-802872	"
CP	2nd Lt	Windes, Honor G.	0-664589	"
N	2nd Lt.	Duncan, John B.	0-683230	"
B	2nd Lt.	Kiely, George F.	0-747591	"
**TT	T/Sgt.	Tilton, Grover C.	34450942	"
RO	T/Sgt.	Jorden, Robert J.	17051940	"
LWG	S/Sgt.	Murzyn, John S.	36719488	"
RWG	S/Sgt.	Reilley, Paul C.	12166535	"
BT	S/Sgt.	Johnson, Daniel A.	35724586	"
TG	S/Sgt.	Stephens, Avery G.	14188001	"

* Enter complete number of Aircraft.

** Designate Engineer.

Transcript
by MB

HAROLD FLINT'S ACCOUNT OF 20 FEBRUARY 1944
(Polebrook Control Tower Operator)
Account given to Mr. Rick School, Ten Horsepower historian

My name is Harold Flint. I was one of four control tower operators at Polebrook during our stay there. I went on duty the beginning of May 1943, and remained as control tower operator until late June 1945. I went on duty on this day, February 20th 1944, at noon.

At about 1500 hours, I was alone in the tower when all of a sudden over the mike very loudly came this transmission asking for a heading for Polebrook. I was alone in the tower at the time, the officers being cooped off as the mission was not scheduled to return for an hour or so afterwards. There was no people in the tower. About ten minutes later, there came another transmission. I heard a plane flying over the field and the other transmission went like this: "This is Paramount A-Able calling Newflick, the pilot has been badly wounded, the copilot is dead, I am the navigator, what shall we do?".

I immediately called operations and within a very short time, the door to the tower opened, and in came Ball and Burns, followed shortly after by Romig. In the meantime the plane was circling the field flying somewhat erratically, but it wasn't too bad a job of flying. At that time nothing had been said by the navigator about exactly who was flying the plane. Burns immediately took over the mike, and from then on I just kept the log.

Burns finally found out that the plane was being piloted by one Archie Mathies, although his name was not mentioned at the time. Burns asked that those not involved, which would be the navigator and Archie Mathies, everyone else was to bail-out. Which they did quite a ways over the field to the north. I saw four parachutes open. The fifth evidently bailed-out out of sight of the tower, and as I recall I found out later he had landed in the 508th enlisted men's area.

There was a lot of talk about putting the plane on automatic pilot and letting it go, but Truemper, who was the navigator, but he never mentioned his name, said that they did not want to leave the plane as they thought that the pilot was still alive. So things went on and on like that. Romig finally took off accompanied it's turned out by Ledoux and tried to lead the plane in, but the big difficulty was they could not talk directly to Sergeant Mathies. Because radio transmission from the tower to the cockpit was impossible, and only from the radio room itself could transmissions be made.

Now Colonel Burns, a very capable pilot himself, must of realized that for a non-pilot to land the plane would be practically impossible. However, Truemper had said that they would bail-out only if ordered to. But knowing Burns quite well, I realized that he was not going to give such an order. so anyways, things went round and round, Romig took off and tried to lead the plane in, and they never came very close to the ground. They went over the base several times, and they never even lowered their wheels. So I realized it was almost impossible for

Mathies to land the plane safely.

After a time, the mission returned, the rest of the planes on the mission returned, and Burns ordered them to go to Glatton and land there -- only about three miles away. From that time on I never saw Paramount A-Able again.

Well, thinking it all over now after so many years, I'm 70 years old. I turned 70 in November of '89, and I just can't get it out of my mind, about this day so many years ago. It was the high point of my duty in the tower. I can never forget it.

Note: Harold Flint died in 1993. The "Romig" he refers to is Colonel Eugene A. Romig, Commander of the 351st Bomb Group from January 1944 - October 1944. The "Burns" he refers to is Colonel Robert W. Burns, Commander of the 351st Bomb Group from October 1944 - March 1945.

Transcript
Jug M/M

ELZIA LEDOUX'S ACCOUNT OF 20 FEBRUARY 1944
(Pilot of B-17F "My Princess")

Account given at Mathies NCO Academy dedication, February 13, 1987

I was the tower officer on February 20, 1944, the date of this particular mission that I'm going to try to recall. It was a mission that had gone to Leipzig. As was the habit and also I should say the standing operating procedures of the 351st Bomb Group, a senior officer of the staff would act as tower officer to coordinate all the activities from the time that the aircraft are taking off for the mission and the time that they return from this particular mission.

On this day, I was as I said the tower officer, and at the end of the mission landings, we noted that one aircraft struggling and straggling was trying to make its way to the airfield. This aircraft turned out to be aircraft number 42-31763, and the name of it was "Ten Horsepower".

It was learned that this aircraft had been shot up very badly, the copilot was killed, and the pilot was very, very seriously and gravely wounded. After this incident of the pilot and copilot being incapacitated, Sergeant Mathies and the navigator decided that they would try to fly this aircraft back home. Which they did. This was a marvelous feat on their part because neither one were qualified pilots. When I noted that there was some problem on board and ascertained that they had this serious problem, I immediately summoned the commanding officer of the group, colonel Romig, and then presented him with the fact that neither Mathies or Truemper had ever effected a landing. So right away we decided what we should do is order Mathies and Truemper to fly over the base and let the crew members bail out, then point the aircraft towards the coast and set it on automatic pilot and bail out themselves.

They did not want to do that in as much as they knew that the pilot of the aircraft although unconscious and mortally wounded, was still alive. So they decided that they would try to make a landing, which we hesitantly did go along with. They made one pass at the airfield, and it was much too high. They were very much too high, and the aircraft was flying much too fast to effect a landing. So they gave it the gun, pushed the throttles forward and went on to attempt another landing. colonel Romig then informed them through the tower that he would take up a B-17 and try to talk them down, to give them instructions and hopefully confidence by flying along side their aircraft.

Colonel Romig, myself, and an engineer took off in another B-17 and we did catch up with the airplane and they were flying very erratic, We couldn't fly very close formation because a collision was more a probability than a possibility. We attempted to try and contact them again by radio but it was absolutely impossible, so we relayed the messages to them through the tower; a sort of a two way relay of messages. We told them that we would fly along side and that we would try to guide them in for a landing. We attempted to do this again, and the landing looked like it was going to be accomplished, and it could have been accomplished however, they still didn't seem to be able to slow down the aircraft enough to cause it to stall for an actual landing. So they went around again. We were a little ahead of

them on their wing tip so they could see us. In the meantime, I noted that the airdrome adjacent to Polebrook, which was Molesworth, had nearly completed all their landings. I didn't notice many airplanes in the traffic pattern and we were nearer to Molesworth than we were to Polebrook, so I suggested to Colonel Romig that we attempt to bring them in the same way at Molesworth.

As we approached Molesworth we noticed that there were a few stragglers coming into the traffic pattern, and for fear of interfering with their landings, we decided then we would head back to Polebrook. On the way to Polebrook, Mathies and the navigator noticed a very large open field. It was awful hilly. It was a hilly part of the terrain. Without any further adieu, Mathies headed the aircraft directly for this field, and we breathed a sigh of relief because we figured that he could very well make a landing in an open field. We tried to guide them towards the down gradient of this field so they could land sort of downhill instead of uphill.

However, apparently in wanting to get this aircraft down as soon as possible, Sergeant Mathies headed it directly into the up gradient, and unfortunately the aircraft's nose, even though he flared out and it seemed he was going to make a good landing, dug in to this god-awful hill, and the aircraft disintegrated.

It was learned later that the pilot was in fact alive in this aircraft, and he was still alive when the rescue squad went to the wreckage. However he did die later that day. But this terrific attempt by Sergeant Mathies and his partner Lieutenant Truemper to bring in this aircraft which they had never landed before shows a tremendous amount of courage. We should very much remember them as heroes forever and ever and ever.

Transcript
TOM SOWELL'S ACCOUNT OF 20 FEBRUARY 1944
Ten Horsepower Left Waist Gunner
Account given to Mr. Rick School, Ten-Horsepower historian)

I am Thomas R. Sowell, one of the living three. I was the right waist gunner. We were awakened on the 20th of February at approximately three-thirty in the morning to go have breakfast. Then we went to the briefing, picked-up our equipment and guns and headed to the aircraft. We were due to take-off about five-thirty or six o'clock. We'd usually hit the French coast about sun-up.

That day it was cloudy, raining, sleeting, and snowing. Lt. Nelson when he pulled out to the runway cut short on the corner of the taxiway, and bogged down on the right. We were supposed to fly deputy-lead that day which was just off the leader's right wing. We got that position because our crew's phase training got such high grades. Especially our bombardier, Martin; and our navigator, Truemper.

In flying combat, when you delay a take-off you have to wait and be the last one off. You got the position in the group known as "Tail-End Charlie", which was right on the tail-end, left side.

The Germans looked to pick on the straggler, and by the time we got caught-up with the formation we were over Germany. We were straggling back and were attacked by FW-190s, Göring's yellow nose, and ME-109s. The fighters came in at two-thirty or three o'clock high and someone called it out. I don't remember who it was on the crew. The next thing I remember is the ringing of the abort bell. My parachute was missing because we had gone into a flat spin and I wasn't wearing it. Stupid me. It hit the door in the radio room where Joe Rex was. I crawled and wallowed around the airplane trying to get my parachute. By that time, Archie Mathies was coming out of the ball turret. He was our ball turret gunner, and our engineer. I helped him out, put my parachute on and went back and waited for the call to bail-out, but Lt. Truemper told us to stay there. Carl Moore had pulled the airplane out of the flat spin.

Flight Officer Bartley, the copilot, was killed instantly, and Lt. Nelson was badly injured. Most of the right side of his face was torn off, but he was still breathing. The plane started porpoising after Carl got it out of the spin, but Lt. Truemper gave orders to stay with it a while after Carl had leveled it out. Lt. Truemper told Rex to get us a fix and we were heading home. He told us all to get into the gun positions and keep the guns moving because when German fighters would see guns not moving they'd come up and attack from that position. So I crawled in the ball turret. I was too big, my feet covered up the sights, but I flew in that ball turret until we got back to England.

I'd say we were approximately 5000 feet off the top of Germany. I sprayed everything I could see on the streets and the little towns below with my fifty caliber. On the coast of Germany, going across the channel, there was a fishing boat out there and I tried to get my revenge on that. The fishermen were really

diving out of that boat while I was spraying it. I actually burned up the guns. They told me I might have to pay for them. It was the rules that if you let your guns burn up you had to pay for them. Seven dollars-and-a-half a piece.

When we got over the coast of England we kept calling Polebrook to give us a heading. We also checked with the English in the fields below to see if we could land, but they wouldn't let us because there was no rated pilot aboard. When we got to Polebrook, we first planned to crash land, and all of us other than Archie and Lt. Truemper got in the radio room and got ready. But we made too high a pass. Colonel Romig came up beside of us to see if he could help us land. The only way we could contact plane-to-plane was through the tower. The plane directing us had to work through the tower to contact us.

After we planned for the crash landing, Carl Moore and I suggested we drop Lt. Nelson. In other words we were going to static drop him. They refused and told us to climb up to 1500 feet and bail-out. Colonel Romig told us to do that, so that's what we did. Five of us bailed-out, three of us broke our legs. I was in the hospital with a broken leg when Hagbo, the tail gunner, and Carl Moore, came over and told me they didn't make it.

Transcript
JG MK

RUSSELL ROBINSON'S ACCOUNT OF 20 FEBRUARY 1944
(Ten Horsepower Right Waist Gunner)
Account given to Mr. Rick School, Ten Horsepower historian

I am Russell Robinson. I was the right waist gunner on Lieutenant Nelson's crew of Ten Horsepower.

I remember the bombardier coming into the gunner's room that morning. One of our crew asked him what it looked like, and he made the statement that it might be a rough one, meaning the mission.

We picked up our guns and loaded them onto a truck along with a few flak suits for extra protection. Each gunner wore one and any extra ones we had we sat on and hung them on the sides of the ship.

As far as I remember the take-off was normal. I do remember reading something about our being an hour late for take-off because we got stuck in the mud. I don't remember anything about that. Forty-two years is a long time ago. I remember everything seemed to go as it should - regular talk on the intercom system, our officers kept us posted on our time to IP.

We had been warned about enemy fighters and about where we could expect them. Also about flak batteries, and when to expect flak. The next intercom message was "fighters at 2 o'clock high". Then I heard the explosion as the shell came through the copilots side of the cockpit and almost immediately we nosed down and went into a flat spin.

For the next few minutes it was a little like being inside of a spinning top. We were thrown against the side of the plane and held there until Moore began to pull the plane out of the spin. We were flattened to the floor and couldn't move. After Moore got it flying straight and level we were able to get to our feet.

I saw Mathies go out of the ball turret and go toward the cockpit. About all Sowell, the left waist gunner, and I could do was to stay by our guns and see what happened next. Our intercom system was out so we couldn't hear what was going on up front. Sowell and I kept watch for enemy fighters. The next time I looked out of the window, two Focke-Wulf 190 German fighters were flying off our right wing, which was my gun position.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I had to look twice to be sure they weren't ours. I swung my guns on them and fired a few rounds which caused them to back off some, some distance just out of range of our fifty caliber machine guns. As they were armed with twenty millimeter cannon, they were still in range to cause us some damage. I saw one shell strike the outer tip of the right wing, and another come through just over my head. And one came through the tail section, just behind the tail wheel strut. None of these were explosive type shells. If they had of been there would have been more casualties. One shell hit the radio compartment and wounded the radio operator.

After the fighters disappeared we never saw them again. There were a few reasons why they left so suddenly. Number one, our fighter escort might have showed up. Number two, they might have been out of ammunition. And number three, inexperienced pilots. I'm sure it wasn't our guns that scared them off. We had only two guns we could fire at them, one was the radio operator's gun, and one was the right waist gun. They were too far forward for the tail guns, and Moore's turret wasn't operating.

While all of this was going on, Lieutenant Truemper, Sergeant Moore and Sergeant Mathies were up front. I went up to the pilot's compartment to see if I was needed for anything. The compartment was in bad shape. An explosive shell had entered the copilot's side and exploded inside, killing Lieutenant Ronald Bartley, and seriously injuring Lieutenant Richard Nelson.

Lieutenant Bartley's body had been removed from the cockpit seat and lowered to the bombardier's compartment. We tried to get Lieutenant Nelson out of the seat but when we tried to move him some of the controls moved and bumped and caused a lot of erratic flying. So it was decided to leave him in the seat. Then I went back to my right waist gun position.

I don't know how long we flew until we reached the coast of Holland, but when we got there, the clouds parted below us and we could see a small town below which was occupied by the Germans, and they let go with their anti-aircraft guns. They came close enough to where you smell the burning gunpowder from the shells coming up through the bomb bay, which was still open. We were lucky and we were never hit, and were soon out of range. In hope, we headed for England,

We made it back across the North Sea and sighted land and hoped it was England. We made two circles overhead without any enemy fire so we headed in-land. The radio operator was able to send a message asking for directions to the base. I don't know what the conversations were between the tower and the persons flying the plane. Our first instructions were that we were to prepare for a landing and possibly a rough one. Later five of us enlisted men were told to bail-out.

Out of the ten man crew, the pilots, the navigator, and the copilot lost their lives. The bombardier bailed-out over Germany and was a prisoner until the end of the war. The five enlisted men that bailed-out over England were the tail gunner, left waist gunner, radio operator, top turret gunner and myself, right waist gunner.

I don't know how the rest of the crew felt but after we got over the North Sea, I felt that we were going to make it, with the exception of our copilot who was already dead. There was no panic on the plane, we had all four engines, and with the exception of the cockpit damage and some cables hanging from the top we were in pretty good shape considering what the crew and the plane had been through.

Transcribed by [signature]

JOSEPH F. REX'S ACCOUNT OF 20 FEBRUARY 1944

(Ten Horsepower Radio Operator)

Account given at Mathies NCO Academy dedication, February 13, 1987)

I have been asked to chronicle the events of February 20th, 1944. The day was one of those you feel had to get better right from the start, but which keeps going downhill. At the briefing we were told that the target for the day was Leipzig, making it the deepest penetration so far in the war. We were told we could expect 1200 anti-aircraft guns ringing the city, and that there would be heavy fighter action by German Luftwaffe.

We went to our assigned aircraft and began preliminaries of getting off the ground and into our place in the formation, which was to have been number three in the group. That would have put us on the right wing of the group leader. But it was right here at taxi time that things really began to go wrong for sure.

As we started to taxi out, a jeep came in from to the plane and Lieutenant Dick Nelson, the pilot, made a hard right and our right wheel became stuck in a mudhole. In spite of the efforts of many people they were unable to extricate the plane, and as we sat there the entire force from the 351st scheduled for that mission was airborne.

We were ordered to transfer our gear to another plane, named "Ten Horsepower". It was at this time that "Ten Horsepower" entered our day. It was not our plane nor was it the name we had chosen. The word "Mizpah" was suggested by Lieutenant Nelson's mother. That word comes from the 31st chapter of Genesis, 49th verse, wherein Laban uttered the word and then added "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other". But alas, here we were, climbing and flying south-east as fast as the plane could be pushed so that we could catch the rest of the group. And instead of flying on the right wing of the group leader, we were going to be flying "tail-end Charlie".

It was as we approached the target area, and we were still not caught up with the rest of the group, that warnings from the briefers about the German fighter pilots liking to pick on stragglers was borne out, and they hit us hard.

The attack was mounted head-on. A 20mm cannon shell hit the copilots windshield, knocking it out completely, and instantly killing the copilot, Flight Officer Ronald Bartley. Then the shot glanced off his armor plate and mortally wounded the pilot, Lieutenant Nelson, and the plane fell into a very tight spin. The spin had so much force that I was unable to stand up in the radio room. However, after a 15,000 foot fall, Sergeant Carl Moore, the top gunner was able to pull it out of the spin and allow us to take an inventory and see just what our situation was.

Another German fighter attacked us from straight up, and only the radio man could get a shot at him. The radio room was hit by a 20mm cannon shell just about the time the German fighter blew up. Now things settled down and everyone pitched in to try to get us all back to England,

when we got there, all aboard were ordered to bail out, but Sergeant Archie Mathies and navigator Wally Truemper refused and opted to try and land the crippled aircraft. The rest of us bailed out and after three shots at a landing, the mission ended with the crash of "Ten Horsepower", which was found with the bodies of Lieutenant Nelson, Lieutenant Truemper, Flight Officer Bartley, and Sergeant Mathies. Of the five of us who bailed out, three suffered leg fractures and thankfully that was the end of that day.

First of all let me apologise for the delay in writing. But my wife & children have been on holidays for the past few weeks so I have been well occupied.

I want firstly to thank you for the magazines & photos which I was delighted to receive especially the story of (10 hours power).

Let me first give you a little background of myself. As marked on the map I was bred & born at the place called Moonshine Gap. Right in the middle of the air bases, so we saw the Bitts every day going & coming back, some with engines stopped, holes in their tails, etc.

My first job after leaving school in 1942 was at Kete Creek airfield working for a construction company I was only 14 at the time & the breadwinner, as I had to help my mother to look after 5 younger brothers & sisters, my father & 3 elder brothers were all in the forces, I was after sometime transferred to Platton airbase with the same company.

My mother used to do laundry for some of the boys that I got to know during my work, and she done such a good job I was kept very busy evenings & weekends, I used to fetch & carry on my old cycle which most of the time I had to walk with anyway - p.10

Wentworth account

20 Feb 44

WTS

and it was in fact on one of these 1145
to Glatton on a Sunday afternoon. I was
to witness aviation history in the making.
But of course I never knew it at the time.

It will now describe to you
to the best of my memory what I saw. I
was about 800 yd down the lane towards Denton
from the gate that you probably went through
when you visited the crash ~~site~~ site, when
I heard and saw this bomber swooping very
low from the Glatton side just clearing some
tall trees & H.T. cables. Then I suddenly realised
this plane is going to crash, it looked as though
it was going to make a good landing (better
of course) it then hit the deck approx 400 yd.
from the A1 road, if my memory serves me
correctly there was a small piece of ploughed
land adjacent to the road and then a small
hedgerow where the plane hit, it then careered
up the hill towards the trees. it then leaped
into the air at what looked like a hell of a
speed to me, & broke up with the main
parts of the wreckage in and at the tree line.
it was unbelievable, & so quiet. I ran as fast as I
could up the hill and I was the only one
there until the military police arrived. Then
I ran away, I guess I was afraid of the M.P.s.
But I was there for about 15 minutes.

I have marked
on the photo with a x where I saw a pair
of legs dressed in blue flying suit trousers
sticking up from the wreckage and a x where

am no artist as you can see, but if you can imagine the trees continuing you will see the body of another crew member who was lying face downwards ^{facing} towards glatten, I went close to him but did not touch, as far as I could see he was unmarked & his clothes were not torn, but he was a young man as far as I could see, he was as indicated lying under ~~the~~ broken tree branches.

I'm afraid I don't have any photos of this event at all. I was never wealthy enough to own a camera in those days.

It's always been a mystery to me why he never landed at any of the airbases which were only a few miles apart, true or not, it was at the time widely rumoured that the Biggles on the ground would not let him land because of incoming traffic, after all, surely he had better chances of survival at an airbase where ~~every~~ all emergency facilities were available after all he did have to come down, I can't believe these brave men chose to land in a field.

I have also marked on the map where another B17 crashed it was also right on the spot & watched it make a perfect belly landing with no one on board at all, if any-one had been on board I doubt if they would have even been scratched, what a contrast?

Well Rick if I may call you

a little background + what I remember, just one other thing, I don't remember seeing another B17 in the area of the crash, but of course it was a long time ago, but of course my attention was fixed on this one.

I am at this time planning a trip to the USA on one of these package deals, it's been my lifelong dream to visit America, and I am now on the verge of realising that dream. I have always believed that the USA is the greatest country in the world + I will not be happy until I have been there.

We have friends down in New Iberia Louisiana which I will visit when the time arrives, so we can probably meet one of these days but I will let you know when.

I watched a film last night on TV called (Memphis Bell) this stirred a few memories.

Well Rick I hope this letter will assist you in your research, and again I really appreciate the magazines which I shall always keep, if there is anything at all that I can help with don't hesitate to ask, Good Bless

Yours Sincerely

P.S. Please excuse the writing paper + mistakes my hand gets shaky at

65. I will only post this when I can

find a couple of photos of my family

J. Gutter

By

NARA, Date 1/12

745005

*JW Form Continued:

Land

94-110 CBW

Sqdn.	A/C Ltr & No.	A.T.O.	A.T.R.	Sqdn.	A/C Ltr & No.	A.T.O.	A.T.R.
508	P-8023	0910 $\frac{1}{2}$		509	G-8005	0914 $\frac{1}{2}$	
(Relative)	V-9849	0911			P-8033	0915	
	T-0994	0912 $\frac{1}{2}$	1245		T-1364	0915 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	F-1711	0912 $\frac{1}{2}$			N-9914	0916	
	D-3517	0913			L-1765	0916 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	R-1195	0914			M-9760	0917	
	G				B-0499	0925 $\frac{1}{2}$	1701
					F-7545	0919	
					V-3544	0917 $\frac{1}{2}$	

[illegible]

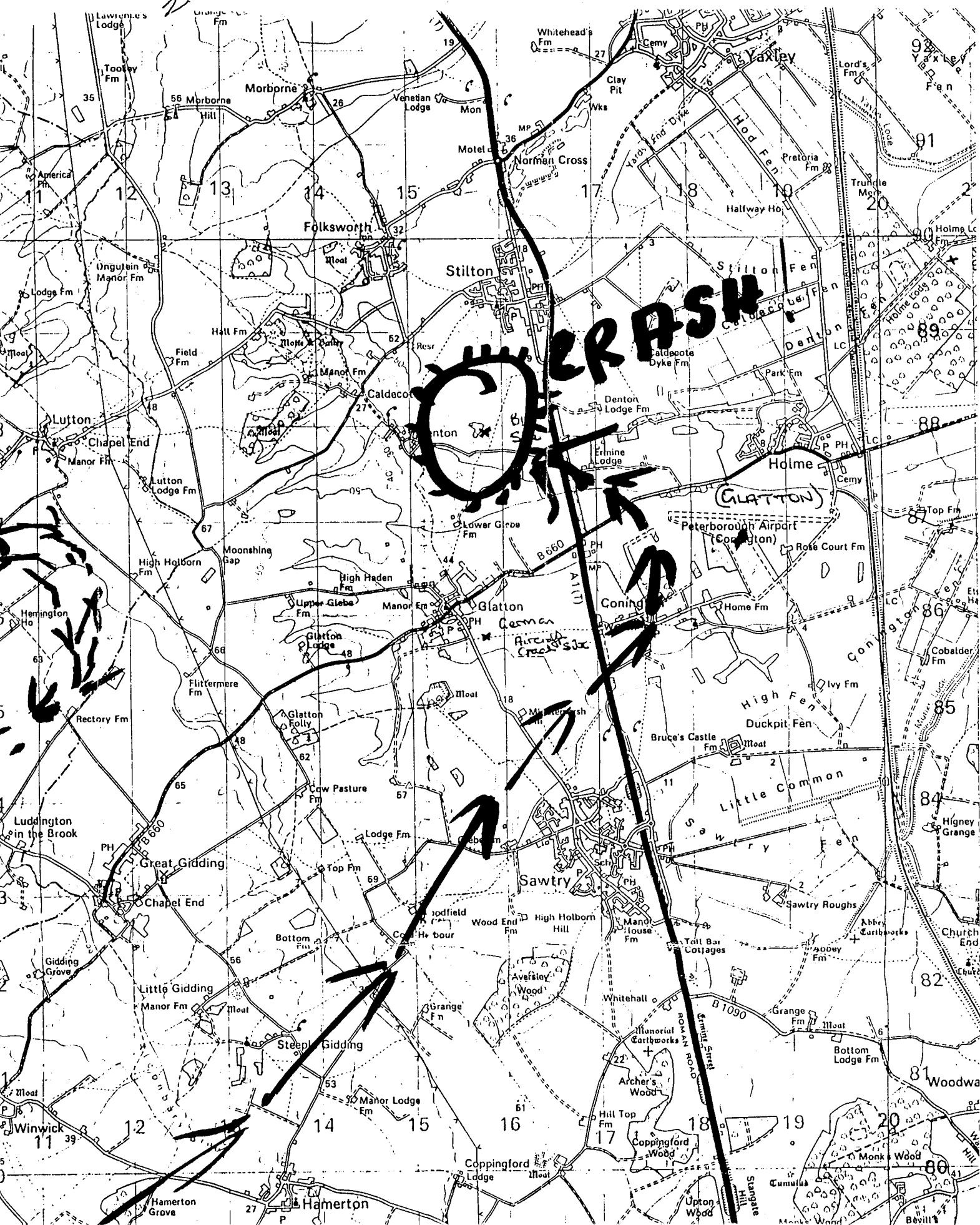
HIGH BUD

1st P.B.

[illegible]

STO	Y-1509	1082312	551	G-7825	1082822	1308
	N-9835	10825	(Positive)	C-9848	10829	1010
	H-9831	10826				
	Q-8028	10827		U-9849	10835	
	4-9925	10833		F-1882	10830	
	F-9848	10828		X-9835	10840 1/2	
				S-5824	10831	
				B-749Y	10836	
				H-9837	10837	

Sqd	Ltr. & No.	Designation:	Box	Remarks
511	A-8848	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
511	A-8887	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
505	A-8866	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
509	A-0499	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
508	A-0994	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
571	A-7825	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank
571	A-9835	ABORTIVE	H.I.	oil tank



1. Two Passes at Palebrook!
2. One Pass at Malesworth
3. Headed in a northerly direction
and flew approximately like
I have marked.

4. Col. Karing & I were very busy
trying to save this w/c of people
therefore the path I have
marked are approximate. We
were not watching the ground
for exact paths.

Letter written
by David Mathies
to his mother
about Archie's
death...
M3

Feb 26, 44

Dear Mom & Dad

I hardly know how to start
this letter to you because it is
still hard to realize it is true.
It is heartbreaking.

Instead of me going into
detail I cut this out of the
English paper and it has
been censored. I couldn't
write immediately because
I had to let the War Dept
get word to you first.

They didn't even notify me
and I didn't even find out
until after he was buried.
I had to read the paper. I
immediately went to his

base and saw the remaining members of his crew and I picked up most of his belongings. He had very little money and just a few odds and ends and an army garrison hat. As soon as I'm sure I have it all I'll mail them. They will still get home sooner than if the army had mailed them. Now mom they told me, that after the war you can either come over here and see the grave or have the body lifted and brought home. The gov't will pay expenses. I'm not allowed to tell you where he is buried because I would get in trouble.

He did what he thought was right mom. His commanding officer told me that they have recommended both. He and Trumbull for the Congressional

Medal of Honor. It is the
highest military award your
country can give you. They ~~gave~~ ^{buried}
him with full military honors.

Dave.

HEADQUARTERS
AAF STATION 110
APO 634

P-B-4

20 February, 1944

SUBJECT: Operational Narrative - Mission of 20 February, 1944 -
Low Group, 94th Combat Wing. (Leipzig)

TO : Commanding Officer, 351st Bomb Group (H), APO 634.

1. General Narrative. Twenty aircraft, including one flying spare, took off at 0910, and formed the low box of the 94th Combat Wing at 8000 feet. Two aircraft of the 401st Group flew in the low squadron of this box, one of which was believed to have been shot down before the target. The other 401st aircraft flew the entire mission and bombed from the low box. The combat wing assembly was executed easily, and the briefed route was followed to the target. Departure of the English coast was four minutes late at 1049, crossing the enemy coast approximately one minute late at 1131, and target time was six minutes early at 1342.

The primary target was bombed visually with a manual run after a misunderstanding on the method to be used. This was caused by a temporary lapse of VHF communication with the combat wing leader. The bomb run was made by seventeen aircraft in trail of the lead box. Results of the lead and low boxes were good, according to photos taken by this box.

Flak at the target was heavy and accurate. Fighter attacks were made on this box before the I.P. by approximately 40 ME-109's, generally from the nose and tail. This concentration was rapidly broken up by P-47's. One aircraft of the 401st Group flying in this box was shot down by this attack, and one aircraft, 42-31763, was knocked out of formation. It was subsequently flown home by the navigator and engineer, the pilot and co-pilot having been mortally wounded. The bombardier bailed out over Germany. Five member of the crew bailed out over Polebrook, but the remaining four were killed in the crash near Stilton. Cause of the accident is unknown. No other aircraft were lost.

The route out was as briefed. Some difficulty was encountered due to the combat wing leader's difficulty in maintaining proper air speed. Considerable easing finally closed the wing up.

(Operational Narrative, Cont'd)

This box landed partly at Glatton due to the Polebrook field being closed because of the impending crash of A/O 42-31763.

2. Aircraft Not Attacking. Twenty aircraft of the low box of the 94th Combat Wing formation took off and formed as indicated on the attached diagram. One of these, A/O 42-30499, returned as planned from mid-channel, and was not dispatched. A/O 42-30994, dispatched, returned early when the #1 oil pressure dropped to 35 PSI. Investigation revealed an airlock in the oil pump. A/O 42-31763 released its bombs before the target when hit by flak. This ship left the formation to return to base and subsequently crashed after five of the crew members had parachuted over the home field. The remaining seventeen aircraft attacked the target, as is indicated in the diagram of the formation over the target. No aircraft are missing.

STATISTICAL SUMMARY

Number of A/O taking off	20
Unused spares	1
A/O taking off less unused spares	19
Number of A/O dispatched	19
Number of Sorties	18
Number of A/O attacking	17
Number of aircraft not attacking	2
number of aircraft lost	0

CLINTON F. BALL
Lt Col, Air Corps
Operations Officer

1. GROUP 351ST SQUADRON 510 DATE 20/2/44 NUMBER 721 LETTER 8
PLACE WHERE ATTACKED JUST BEFORE I.P. HEIGHT 20,000 TIME 1150

2. STORY OF ATTACK AN FW-290 ATTACKED US HEAD-ON AT ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK
LEVEL. AS HE CAME IN HE PEELED OFF TO THE RIGHT AND I BEGAN FIRING
WHEN HE WAS ABOUT 500 YARDS AWAY. THE PLANE BEGAN SMOKING AS IT
WENT BY OUR SHIP, AND THE TAIL GUNNER SAW IT BLOW UP.

(Include above how E/A attacked, how close he came, where he was hit, how much he was damaged, and how he looked and acted going away.)

3. DIAGRAM OF ATTACK

ON DIAGRAM SHOW

X
X X
X
X X

A. # OF A/C ATTACKED _____
B. DIRECT OF ATTACK _____
C. SUN POSITION _____

DATA ON COMBAT

X
X X
X
X X

A. VISIBILITY GOOD
B. TYPE OF E/A FW-290
C. LEVEL AND TIME OF ATTACK _____

X
X X
X
X X

HIGH ABOVE _____
ABOVE _____
LEVEL 10 O'CLOCK LEVEL
LOW _____
VERY LOW _____

4. GUN POSITIONS FIRING ON E/A.

POSITION LEFT WAIST NAME WILLIAM LAMB JR. RANK S/SGT. ASN 35568008
COMPLETE HOME ADDRESS _____

5. CORROBORATED BY NAME S/SGT. I.B. HULLENDER POSITION TAIL GUNNER
NAME _____ POSITION _____

OTHER A/C FIRING AT E/A AT SAME TIME NONE

6. COMMENTS OF INTERROGATOR _____

DESTROYED _____ DAMAGED _____ PROB. BLE _____ NO CLAIM _____

(CHECK ONE)

TIME _____

(INTERROGATOR)

1. GROUP 351ST SQUADRON 519TH DATE 20/2/44 /C NUMBER 721 LETTER 8
PLACE WHERE ATTACKED BEFORE I.P. HEIGHT 20,000 TIME 1205

2. STORY OF ATTACK AN ME-269 CAME HEAD-ON, ATTACKING US AT 12 O'CLOCK
LEVEL. HE ROLLED UNDER OUR SHIP AND WAS ON HIS BACK WHEN I FIRED AT
HIM. I COULD SEE MY TRACERS HIT THE PLANE, AND IT WENT OUT OF CONTROL
WITHOUT COMING OUT OF THE ROLL. I SAW THE PILOT BAIL OUT, AND THE
PLANE WENT SPINNING DOWN INTO THE CLOUDS.

(Include above how E/A attacked, how close he came, where he was hit, how much he was damaged, and how he looked and acted going away.)

NO CLAIM

3. DIAGRAM OF ATTACK

ON DIAGRAM SHOW

X
X X
X
X X

A. # OF A/C ATTACKED _____
B. DIRECTION OF ATTACK _____
C. SUN POSITION _____

DATA ON COMBAT

A. VISIBILITY GOOD
B. TYPE OF E/A ME-109
C. LEVEL AND TIME OF ATTACK _____

X
X X
X X
X X
↓
X X
X (X)
X X
X X

HIGH ABOVE _____
ABOVE _____
LEVEL X LEVEL
LOW _____
VERY LOW _____

4. GUN POSITIONS FIRING ON E/A.

POSITION TAIL GUN NAME IVEY B. HULLENDER RANK S/SGT ASN 11125221
COMPLETE HOME ADDRESS _____

5. CORROBORATED BY NAME S/SGT. WILBURN HUGHES POSITION TAIL GUN
NAME OF SHIP 612-B POSITION _____

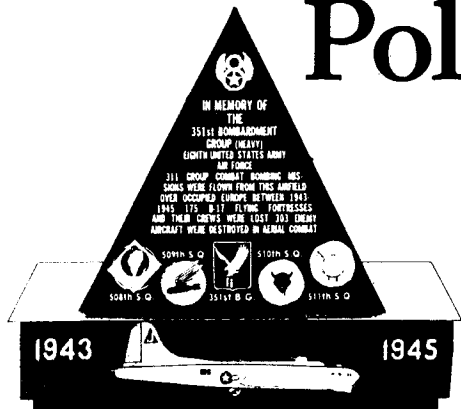
OTHER A/C FIRING AT E/A AT SAME TIME 3 OR 4

6. COMMENTS OF INTERROGATOR _____

DESTROYED _____ DAMAGED _____ PROBABLE _____ NO CLAIM _____
(CHECK ONE)

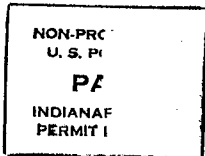
TIME _____

(INTERROGATOR)

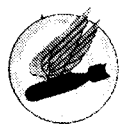


Polebrook Post

351st BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION
8th AIR FORCE



508th



509th



351st



510th



511th

POLEBROOK, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND

VOL. XI NO. 1

351st B.G. Assn. Inc., 1010 Buena Vista Ave., Muscle Shoals, AL 35660

MARCH, 1992

The Odyssey of Ten Horsepower

by Rick and Fern School

To our dearest friends with the 351st BG who we have come to love so much:

My wife Fern, and I are going to share with you our past two years of research for an oil painting of Ten Horsepower, centering on the events of February 20, 1944 — the day Sgt. Archie Mathies and Lt. Wally Truemper gave their lives in an attempt to save their pilot, Lt. Nelson.

In 1978, I was in the eighth grade at St. Bernadette's Catholic grade school. I was in Mrs. Dalota's class reading a book called *Big Week* by Glen Infield. I came across the story of Lt. Nelson's crew, and as I read, I could not believe what Archie and Wally had done that day. It gave me goose bumps and sent chills up and down my spine. I reread the account several times and then finished the rest of the book.

I have never forgotten what I read that day. I have read more than 150 books on the air war in Europe. There are so many incredible accounts of what men went through, but the one of February 20, 1944 and Lt. Nelson's crew has always stayed with me.

In 1982, I started collecting aviation art work. The very first print I bought was *Little Willie Coming Home*, which depicts the last B-17 to make it back to England on the first day of daylight bombing raids on Berlin, March 6, 1944. Through the years, my collection grew to over 70 limited edition prints, all signed by the men who flew the aircraft. I knew all of these men though the books I had read and the documentaries about WWII I had watched on television. I could only dream of meeting these men who I looked up to and admired. Their actions shaped my life, and the hardships they endured made my childhood problems of growing up seem so small.

In August 1989, Fern and I met an artist by the name of David Poole at the EAA in Oshkosh, WI. Since we both liked his work and his prices were within our means, we commissioned him to paint our first oil painting. I told him that I knew just what I wanted — Lt. Nelson's crew and their aircraft Mizpah, as we knew it at the time.

We came home and the research was on. I found the book that I had read so long ago, and tried to contact the author, Glen Infield. He had since passed away, so we went to the library and looked through all the books, looking for anything that had a "Triangle J" or any mention of the 351st BG in them. Finally we hit the jackpot, a book called *Stories of the Eighth Air Force*. On page 256 listed with the reference sources, there was the Polebrook Post, 351st BG, and Howard and Wilmajean's address. We wrote to them and told them as much as we knew at the time about Mizpah and February 20, 1944. Howard began to set us straight right from the start, clarifying some of the details from the mission of which I read about so long before. The aircraft's name was not Mizpah, but Ten Horsepower. Howard also gave us the name of Joe Rex, the radio operator on Ten Horsepower. We became subscribers to the Post right away.

Through letters, we contacted Joe Rex, and on November 11, 1989, we went to Peoria, IL, to meet him and to gather more facts. We stayed in Peoria for three days with Joe and his lovely wife, Pete, and her father, Fred. We came home feeling very lucky to



Valor at Polebrook

have met a survivor of this crew. The time passed with us writing many letters to government offices, David Mathies who is Archie's brother, Harold Flint who was in the control tower that day, the Stickfords, and many others too numerous to mention. Joe Rex and I sure gave the Post Office a lot of extra business!

We then signed up for the 351st reunion in Kansas City, and contacted the other two survivors of the crew. On June 6, 1990, we started off on our summer vacation to meet them. We took with us four 8½ by 11 inch pictures of the crew so they could sign them for us.

We traveled from our home in Appleton, WI to Austin, TX, where the left waist gunner, Tom Sowell and his wife, Margie, live. We spent 2½ days there and had a great time. Tom told us many stories from his days in England. One evening Tom and I had a picnic down by the lake near his house, and I was all ears as he reminisced about the war. Then it was off to Springfield, CO, to meet Russell Robinson, the right waist gunner, and his wife, Elsie. We spent two days there and had a wonderful time. We again heard interesting war stories and even took a little time to target practice with Russ' BB gun. Russ still had his great aim he acquired from being a waist gunner but he said the BB gun just did not have as much punch as a 50 caliber machine gun. Russ gave me a lot of his war memorabilia and I was very proud that he felt me worthy of it.

Then we were off to Kansas City for the reunion. As we were driving there, I was in such a big hurry to meet all of the people with the 351st BG that I forgot to watch my speed, but wouldn't you know it, someone watched it for me. My very first speeding ticket, what an experience! We arrived at Kansas City later that day. If you only could have felt what Fern and I were feeling as we walked up to that big crowd of people. We didn't know a soul except Howard and Wilmajean, and we only knew them through letters. Those feelings were very short-lived, as everyone took us in and made us feel so welcome. We had a great reunion, and as we drove back to Wisconsin, I felt very lucky to have met each surviving crew member of Ten Horsepower and

all the wonderful people involved with the 351st BG Association.

We made another trip back to Peoria to see the Rex's in September of 1990 so Joe could sign the crew photo and answer a few more questions. We then had the signed crew photos framed and sent one to each of the crew members from Ten Horsepower.

Our goal was to have the painting be as authentic as possible and there were still a few unanswered questions that had to be addressed before the painting could be started. These questions mostly concerned Ten Horsepower's exterior damage. We contacted Colonel Ledoux and he filled in the missing pieces. Now the painting could be started. In April 1991, we received a sketch from the artist resulting from the information we had gathered and sent to him.

Time was beginning to run short to have the painting done, take it to the survivors to sign, and still make it to the Omaha reunion for everyone to see it. Everything came together at the last moment. We got the painting one week before we were to leave. We were able to have it framed, and the display case was finished just in time to show the memorabilia from Russell Robinson. Our dream was to get all three surviving crew members together at Omaha. Illness prevented this, so off we went to them.

We planned to arise Saturday morning, June 1, at 5:00 a.m. and be on the road by 6:00. Somehow our alarm clock was an hour off and we ended getting up at 4:00 a.m. What a surprise when we finally figured out our mistake! With the car's back seat holding the fruits of two years of labor — the painting, the crew photo, and the display case, and the trunk loaded for 16 days away from home, we hit the road. Our first stop was Peoria to see Joe Rex. We arrived at 11:00 a.m. and spent the day with Joe and his wife, Pete. A newspaper reporter, who is a good friend of Joe's, made his way out to see the painting and to do a story about Joe, the painting, and our research. Joe signed the painting and the reporter took pictures. We had dinner with Joe, Pete, their son, Joe, Jr., and grandson, Jason. We had a great time, but unfortunately, we

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The Odyssey of Ten Horsepower

(Continued from Page 1)

could only stay a day with the Rex family, for we needed to be in Clearwater, Florida, on June 3 to see Colonel Ledoux.

Sunday morning, June 2, we were on the road by 5:00 a.m. and got as far as Atlanta, GA. We stayed the night with my sister Cindy, and her husband, Mike. The next morning, Monday, June 3, we left at 4:00 a.m. on our way to Clearwater, FL. We arrived there at 2:00 in the afternoon. We immediately called Colonel Ledoux, and he came to our hotel to pick us up and take us to his house. We had never met him before, but there was no need to worry for we all hit it off right away. After getting better acquainted, he and his wife, Hazel, took us for a tour of Clearwater. They showed us the sights and we got a little bottle of that famous white beach sand. It was our first time in Florida, but there was no time for swimming. We were then treated to Alaskan king crab legs. I had never had them before, and after I finally got the hang of getting the meat out, it went great — it sure tasted good. We spent the rest of the evening visiting with Hazel, Colonel Ledoux, and his son, John. We were introduced to a very interesting and painstaking craft that John does, that of making body armour. He showed us how it works and how heavy it is. It's hard to believe one could get a horse with all that weight. Last, but not least, Colonel Ledoux signed the painting of Ten Horsepower.

On Tuesday, June 4, we went out for breakfast with Colonel Ledoux. He told us all kinds of interesting stories. The one I liked the best was the story of his life to date. He is truly a creative man who accomplished so much. I sure wish I would have had my tape recorder along for his accounts. Driving back to his house we saw a lot of bananas and grapefruits ripening on the trees. That kind of scenery is so different from what we usually see in our cold-winter Wisconsin. It really looked neat. Once we were back to his house, Colonel Ledoux went on video camera, and using the painting as a guide, explained just what happened on February 20, 1944. It came time for our good-bye hugs. It was very sad to leave, we would have liked to have stayed a few more days there. We left Clearwater at 12:00 noon heading for Austin, TX, where Tom Sowell lives. We made it as far as Gulf Port, MS, that day.

We overslept on Wednesday, June 5, but were on the road by 7:00 a.m. and arrived at the Sowell residence at 5:30 p.m. We unloaded the car and showed Tom and his wife, Margie, the painting. Tom really liked it. He walked up to it and showed his wife just how close the bullet holes came to him. We had the rest of the evening to relax and renew our friendship.

Bright and early the next morning, Thursday, June 6, I awoke and called the news station in town to see if they would be interested in Tom's story. They said that they would like to do a story and would get back to us. We spent the rest of the day waiting for a call that never came.

Treasurer's Report

by Arthur Schoen

Now that the New Year is well on its way, my report will reflect our 1991 year. Our Association is doing well, our dues are coming in steadily and I am kept quite busy staying on top of it. Our bank accounts are doing very well considering the LOW INTEREST RATES. Our Trust Account and Life Account are in excellent shape.

I would like to make a pitch for LIFE MEMBERSHIP. Our Life fee is the lowest of all similar organizations. If you have paid your \$10.00 dues for 1992, another \$65.00 will make you a paid-up Life Member. You will get an attractive 8½ x 11 personalized certificate suitable for framing. Best of all, you will avoid the hassle of annual dues payment. Once you are a Life Member — NO MORE DUES TO PAY. If you are a Life Member your wife automatically becomes an Associate Life Member at no cost — upon your death. Life Members make my work easier and also save the Association postage money.

I have received many requests for our History Book. Please send your \$33.00 check to ELMER RUSCHMAN, MARY INGLES HIGHWAY, MELBOURNE, KY 41059 and he will ship the book to you without delay.

Friday morning, June 7, I awoke with a mission in mind and went to the news station. I figured if they wouldn't call me I would go to them. They had somehow dropped the ball the day before and they were filled up for Friday, but they said "maybe Saturday." I decided that this wouldn't do, so I went to the Austin American Statesman Newspaper. They were happy to do a story. They interviewed us over the phone, and later that day a photographer came out to take Tom's picture with the painting. Tom had signed the painting earlier that day. We then went out for a very enjoyable dinner with Tom and Margie.

Saturday, June 8, the paper came out and there was Tom and the painting. The reporter did a very nice job on the article, and Tom was very happy. Then the phone started ringing. A former member of the 351st called. He never knew about the Bomb Group Association. I gave him Howard's phone number. He called Howard and signed up the same day. He also came over to Tom's house to look at the painting and to share stories with Tom and me. The phone continued to ring with people asking to talk with Tom. If you only could have seen the smile on Tom's face and the way he gazed at the painting. It is a moment in my life that I will treasure forever. Our stay with the Sowells was coming to an end. It seemed as though we just arrived there, but come Sunday morning, it was time to move on toward Omaha!

On Sunday, June 9, we were up at 5:30 a.m. and had breakfast with Tom and Margie Sowell. We said our good-byes and off we went for Ada, OK. This day was our shortest drive on our trip, only 6½ hours. We spent the rest of Sunday with a very good friend in Ada, Betsy Ross and her family. We discussed ways of presenting our history through aviation art work and renewed our friendship.

We slept a little late on Monday, June 10, but were on the road for Omaha by 7:00 a.m. and drove all day. We arrived there at 7:30 p.m. and checked to see if anyone we knew was in yet. We relaxed, went swimming and looked forward to tomorrow's reunion with Russell and Elsie Robinson, who would be driving from Springfield, CO. Russ was the right waist gunner on Ten Horsepower and the only crew member to make this reunion.

Tuesday, June 11, came with great anticipation. We could hardly wait to see Russ and Elsie again, but we also had a haunting feeling that our two years of research for the painting would not be good enough for the 351st. My biggest fear was someone saying, "This

isn't how it looked that day!" or "That's not how the plane looked," but my wife reassured me that we had done everything possible to make the painting authentic. My worries were all for naught, most everyone could not get over how real it looked.

On our way to breakfast, I saw Russ walking in the lobby of the hotel. I took him by surprise when I spoke up and said, "Hi, Mr. Robinson!" we had not expected to see him and Elsie until later that afternoon. We got them checked into a room right next to ours, and I then showed them the painting and display case. I had not told Russ what I did with all of his memorabilia that he gave me. The display case was a surprise to them and they loved it! Russ could not get over how the display case looked. He and Elsie both admired the work Fern and I put into it. He just gazed at it, showing Elsie all the different items we put into it. We spent the rest of the day shopping, swimming and playing putt-putt golf. Later, we had pizza delivered to our room for supper. We played the board game, Aggravation, until it was time to go to bed.

Wednesday, June 12, Russ signed the painting and then we took the display case, the painting and the crew photo and displayed them in the registration room for all to see. When people saw the painting and commented that they remembered the day, I told them that Russ was the right waist gunner on Ten Horsepower. You should have seen their faces and doors opened up! People said things like, "I saw you get hit," or "I watched you bail out." It was quite the time, both Russ and I enjoyed it alot. Fern and Elsie also stayed for a little while, but then went off on their own. When we were done displaying everything for the day, we headed to our rooms with our arms full. Howard Stickford carried the display case, I carried the painting, and Russ carried the easel. Somehow Russ got separated from us. Everyone at this reunion knows what type of maze the hotel was! Russ finally found us, but along the way he had lost the easel. What a good laugh we had! We also displayed the painting, the display case, and the crew photo in the hospitality room in the evening. We have forgotten how many times we moved those three things during our stay in Omaha, but thank goodness, we had a lot of help from the 351sters.

Thursday, June 13, we ate breakfast with Russ and Elsie, and Elmer and Mary Ruschman. We again displayed our painting in the registration room. We also

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Membership Chairman's Report

by Ken Vaughn

	MEMBERSHIP TABLE				
	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991
Honorary	4	4	5	6	8
Life Members	299	364	415	448	486
Contributing	662	776	780	762	764
Associate	97	113	100	108	126
Subscribers	-	-	13	22	28
Total Active	1062	1257	1312	1346	1412
New Members	-	-	119	105	74

Note: Over 6000 stationed at Polebrook between 4/43 - 6/45. In spite of personnel lost during the war years and those who have died since then, there are still many potential members out there. I have obtained old addresses of over 650 and periodically send names to active members living nearby. Hints to help to determine their current status are also included. Let's keep up the good work in '92. We are still keeping ahead of those members who are lost each year.

"LOST SOUL" AREA VOLUNTEERS

ARIZONA.....	Phoenix Area	William R. Owens
ARKANSAS.....	All.....	W. Eugene Smith
CALIFORNIA.....	NO	John W. (Jack) Greene
	SO	Jim Myl
	SW	John C. Kirkland
		Wm. W. White
	SE.....	Phillip F. Guckes
COLORADO	All	Sam Silver
CONNECTICUT ALL		Rocco Civizzio
DELAWARE	All	Walter Skinner

FLORIDA.....	ALL	Ted Biever
	CEN	Frank Lubozynski
	WC	Frank Gower
	NE	Earl Anderson
ILLINOIS	SO	Joseph Isordi
KANSAS.....	ALL	Frank Urbanek
KENTUCKY	ALL	Allen Bandy
MICHIGAN	ALL	Charles S. Cain
NO. MICHIGAN ALL		Walter T. Thompson
MASS	ALL	John T. Tynan
MONTANA.....	ALL	Carl F. Eaton
NEW YORK.....	SE.....	Anthony Zotollo
	Also New York City	
	NW.....	Edward Moreland
N. CAROLINA...	ALL	Boyce Wilson
OHIO.....	SO	Earl Branaman
	SO	Elmer Ruschman
	Also nearby Kentucky	
TENNESSEE	ALL	Abe (Bud) Rubel
	Also help in nearby states	
TEXAS.....	ALL	B.F. Cook
VERMONT.....	ALL	Arthur Lange
	Also ME and NH	
WASHINGTON...	ALL	Walter Bergstrom
	Also ID, AL and B.C. Canada	
WASH., D.C.....	ALL	John Parsons, Jr.
WISCONSIN.....	ALL	Gerald W. Arens
	LOC	Rick School

Note: There are still volunteers needed for some areas, especially Georgia, Iowa, Indiana, New Jersey, Northern Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Wyoming and Nebraska.

If interested, please contact Ken Vaughn, 1 Shady Lane, Belleville, IL 62221

The Odyssey of Ten Horsepower

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went to the board meeting and then on the tour of Boy's Town. I spoke a lot with Elmer Ruschman. He had seen Ten Horsepower get hit and watched the bombardier bail out. He had also flown two days before February 20, 1944, with Lt. Nelson on a slow time flight. We went to the informal dinner banquet and sat with Howard and Wilmajean. Afterwards, I came to find out that I was the only one in the whole room that didn't know the words to one of the songs that barbershop quartet sang. Would you believe it was "Let Me Call You Sweetheart?" All I can say for myself is that I must have led a sheltered childhood. We finished the evening watching David Gower's film from Polebrook.

Friday, June 14, I was up at 6:00 a.m. for breakfast with Sgt. Vicky Shirkey to talk about Ten Horsepower. Russ, Elsie, Fern, Howard and Wilmajean joined us later. We spent the day at Offut AFB and the SAK Museum. It was great to be there next to a B-17 and with men who flew them and worked on them. No longer was I just reading about history, now I was getting it first hand. All of the great stories I had heard seemed so amazing. The stories and the feelings shared with me by the men who fought made me realize how lucky I am. I was also reminded of the debt that we owe to you for our freedom, we can never say thank you enough. Here it is Friday, and I haven't even talked to everyone yet! The day ended with a great dinner and time spent in the hospitality room, meeting people and renewing friendships from last year.

Saturday, June 15, we went to the continental breakfast and then to the slide show about Desert Storm and Saudi customs. It was very interesting. We finally met General Burns at lunch time. I missed him last year at Kansas City, and found him to be a very friendly and interesting person. We had lunch with Russ and Elsie, and Ron and Linda Nelson. Many of the others went to AK-SAR-BEN. I gave Fred Wiese \$2.00 to bet at the horse track and Fern gave \$2.00 to Otti and Elsie Vasak. I had my usual betting luck, and lost, but Fern won \$4.00. Not too bad!

We went up to the hospitality room to chat and pass the time, and it was here that the funniest thing of the day happened. While visiting with Ivy Garske, Wilmajean, Russ, and Elsie, all of a sudden Wilmajean's shoe became stuck to the floor. She could not even lift her foot up at all. You should have seen the big wad of gum stuck to her shoe, and if that wasn't enough, a cigarette butt was mixed in for good measure. Well, that's all it took, we didn't stop laughing for at least five minutes. I laughed so hard that I was crying and my side hurt. The more Wilmajean tried to clean her shoe, the harder we laughed. Then Wilmajean told us about their trip to England. If you want a good laugh, ask Junior Edwards what happened when Goldie ate some moldy hay.

We were now at the highlight of the reunion, the Gala Banquet. We sat with Russ and Elsie, Ron and Linda Nelson, Jim and Millie Barker and Howard and Wilmajean. We had a great dinner, and then we visited with everyone and said our good-byes. We ended the evening with Ken and Mary Gable and looking at his book about B-17's.

Sunday, June 6, we were up at 6:00 a.m. and packed the car. We ate breakfast with Russ and Elsie and said our good-byes to all our dear friends. It was a great reunion and we had a marvelous time, but it seemed to go so quickly. We were on the road for home and now had eleven hours to go. We got home at 6:30 p.m. and went to say hello to my Dad on Father's Day and told my family about our trip.

So 16 days and 5200 miles later, we were home with memories and stories to last a lifetime. This whole thing would not have been possible without the help of many people of the 351st. Every one of the hundreds of letters we wrote was answered with willingness to help and to do more. I cannot express in words how my wife and I feel at this time to have been taken in by the 351st with open arms and smiling faces. It brings tears to my eyes to think how lucky I am to have you all as friends.

Our plans now for the painting are to display it whenever possible, and hopefully to get limited edition prints made of it. That way, there would be 1000 made and 1000 different people to carry on this memory of the 351st BG. But for now this is not in our means.

I plan, during the school year, to take the painting, display case, and crew photo along with some other



aviation artwork into our local schools, and show the next generation what you all did for us. I've been doing some checking and am hoping I may be able to do this on a full time basis. I want to show my generation and younger ones that freedom comes with a very high price tag.

If everything works in our favor, we would love to visit England with the 351st in September of 1992.

I first started this project just for an oil painting of something that touched me from a book. It is so much more than that now. I have become a better person from this and I realize how lucky I am to have my freedom, and no matter what happens in our lives, it would be very small compared to what you went through and did for us so many years ago.

I have read many biographies and autobiographies of men who were involved in WWII and I never thought it possible to meet these people who have shaped my life, who I look up to, and who mean so much to me. I thank you all from the bottom of my heart and with all my soul.

This is truly a dream come true. God bless each and everyone of you.

Later:

Six months have gone by now since we wrote the above article for the Post and a lot has happened in our lives.

We are planning to go on a trip with some of the 351sters to England in April. This trip will use up all of our two weeks of vacation for this year, so we will not be able to attend the 1992 reunion in Worcester. We do

look forward to seeing all of you in 1993.

Now for the big news. We have decided to write a book about the crew of Ten Horsepower and the events of February 20, 1944. A lot has already been written about this event, some of it is correct, but a lot of it is incorrect. We want this book to be as historically accurate as possible, and we desperately need all of your help.

We are looking for your personal reflections of this day and thoughts as you who were there watching this crew try to land. Any diary notes you may have made or any memories you can recall. If any of you know the crew members, we would enjoy hearing your stories about how you met or just what you did when you were together. Any photos you may have of the crew members, the plane trying to land, or any photos at all pertaining to this event would be of interest to us and just may be the missing piece we are looking for.

1. Lt. Nelson was flying a standby aircraft named Ten Horsepower. Who named this aircraft? Does anyone have any photos of Aircraft TU: A42-31763?
2. Who was the crew chief on Ten Horsepower?
3. Why was a jeep on the taxi way? Who was driving the jeep?
4. Were the taxi ways made of concrete or steel mesh?
5. Did anyone know Joseph Martin, the Bombardier of Ten Horsepower, either in prison camp, or his whereabouts today?

(Continued on Page 5)

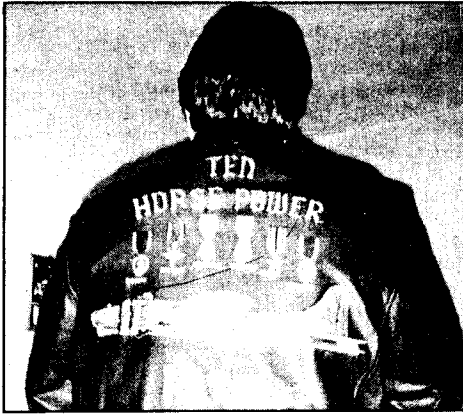
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6. Did anyone know the crew members of Ten Horsepower?
 Lt. Clarence Helson
 F/O Ronald Bartley
 Lt. Joseph Martin
 Lt. Wally Truemper
 Sgt. Carl Moore
 Sgt. Joe Rex
 Sgt. Archie Mathies
 Sgt. Russell Robinson
 Sgt. Thomas Sowell
 Sgt. Magnus "Mac" Hagbo

Any photos or original copies will be sent back ASAP after duplication of them.

I would like to thank you all in advance for your help. I could not be doing this without your help and support. It is truly a dream come true for us.



Rick School's new A-2 jacket

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

by Howard D. Stickford

It is almost the middle of February and we had hoped to have most of the work done on the March issue of the Polebrook Post but time does have a way of getting away from us. Art Schoen keeps us busy updating our files with the lists he sends to us of paid up members, etc. It takes both of us to get this job done. Wilmajeane pulls the cards from two files and I date stamp them. Earlier this year we had to go thru our files and pull cards of those members who have not paid their dues since 1990. After having Art doublecheck the list for accuracy, I sent out letters to the people informing them that if their dues were not paid, that the December Post would be the last one they would receive. I sent out 38 letters - so far have been notified that two of the members have passed away. We are losing quite a few of our members but we seem to pick up a few new ones along the way. Death of any member of the association is tragic but sometimes a certain death cuts a deeper wound than others. One such death is that of Leonard London. The last time we saw him was at the 8th AFHS reunion in New Orleans in October of last year. He and his wife Beverly stood in line with the two of us while waiting to board the boat for our river cruise. We also shared the same bench on the boat. Leonard didn't talk much but you could tell he enjoyed the reunions and enjoyed seeing the people - some of them only once a year, others twice. Leonard was a motor home buff - drove to all the reunions, parked his rig in a trailer park and commuted to the reunion hotels. When the 8th AFHS reunion was held in Las Vegas several years ago we pulled up behind them on the highway, finally passing him and going on into Las Vegas. Bev and Leonard wintered in Texas and this past November bought a mobile home in Pharr, but they still kept their motor home. They went back to Minnesota for Christmas on December 14th. Two days later Leonard bought a new car and on December 20th he had a slight heart attack and was taken to the hospital. Later that evening he had another heart attack and things didn't look all that bad until his kidneys failed and they had to put him on dialysis; his gall bladder became inflamed due to gall stones then he went into cardiac arrest. Beverly said that in spite of all this suffering Leonard was still fighting but eventually he suffered a stroke which took his life on January 8, 1992. Leonard must have joined the service at a very young age since he was only 66 years of age at the time of his death. He was buried at Fort Snelling National Cemetery. The 351st BGA was ably represented at the funeral since Charlie Fouzie, as he does so often at military funerals, blew Taps and then presented Beverly with the flag that had draped the coffin. We shall miss Leonard but I am sure he has gone to a better place.

Our weather here in Indiana has not been all that bad thus far. We have had several weeks of real cold weather but nothing compared to what a lot of other states have had. If we can make it thru March I think we can consider ourselves lucky. After we get the March Post in the mail I think we will head south for a visit with my sister in Miami for a few weeks. We decided to go earlier this year in order to avoid those pesky love bugs.

Bad weather always brings a lot of serious ill-

nesses so we hope all of you escaped thus far with only a few minor ailments. I had one bad cold but thanks to Tylenol and orange juice I got over it in a short time. Wilmajeane has dodged the bullet thus far so we hope her luck holds out. Our friend, June Wilcox, has not been so lucky. She had an emergency appendectomy in January and has been quite ill. She is home now but her recovery is much too slow to suit her. She is a doer and likes to be able to do all the things she wants to do. Peck is a real good cook so I know she has been well fed throughout her ordeal.

We hope you all enjoy the cover story in this issue of the Post. It was written by two young people who are about the most enthusiastic people I have ever met when it comes to the 351st Bomb Group. The time, money and effort that they put forth is unbelievable. They are going overseas with us in April - not because they can afford the trip but because as Rick explains, "I want to see the old airfield when I can see it with some of the fellows who were there during the war. If I wait until I can afford the trip, none of the fellows will still be around." Give the young man credit. He sets his sights and nothing gets in his way until he accomplishes what he sets out to do. Without a devoted wife, however, he would have a rough time doing all that he does. Rick is a cabinet maker and Fern is a nurse. A nicer young couple you will find nowhere.

Another avid admirer of the 351st is Iris Drinkwater from England. It never ceases to amaze me the amount of effort and expense our friends overseas go to in order to learn as much as they can about what the 351st BG and the 8th AF did during WWII. Also included in this issue of the Post is a story that Iris wrote about Jack Omohundro's landing on an airfield in North Cornwall on September 16, 1943. Iris writes about as well as anyone I have ever come in contact with. I think she surely has missed her calling. Iris loves to get letters and would answer any letter that is written to her. She writes interesting letters and you can tell she is most sincere about everything she writes about. Her interest in the 351st started with her

research of the crash of 'Nobody's Darling' during WWII in the sea near her home in Burnham on Sea. Since then she and Walt Skinner, a member of the crew, have become great friends and her interest in the Group has also driven her to pursue information about other crashes, etc. She is indeed an amazing person. She too, has a devoted mate, husband George, who seems to go along with the program.

Our two grandsons are still quite active in hockey but we haven't been able to attend many of their games because they play most of them out of town. We did attend the oldest boy's (13 years of age) games several weeks back since the games were being played locally. This age group of players are getting pretty rough so Grandma isn't really fond of watching Jonathon take the beating that he does on the ice. He is small for his age but gives just about as good as he receives. I don't know where they "grow" such big kids these days. Some of those 13 and 14 year olds look like they could be college kids because they are so big. Jonathon will start high school next September so we don't know whether he will play high school hockey or not.

Hope you are giving serious thoughts about sending in your registration for the June reunion in Worcester, MA. Talked with Fred Dundas recently and he said registrations were coming in slowly. Fred gives full refunds so if you send your registration in and find that you are unable to keep the commitment, you won't lose a cent. If you decide to wait and come in at the last minute, Fred will also take care of you at that time. Some of the events might be filled, but you can at least participate in some of the things scheduled.

This will be our first reunion to be held in the Eastern part of the country so we hope to see a lot of you folks who have not been able to attend a reunion before.

Guess I better practice what I preach and get my money on its way to Fred's house!!!
 Catcha later!!!!!!!

Attention Selman Field navigators

The Selman Field Historical Society is looking for anyone of 1942-45 vintage that was stationed at or went through navigational training at Selman Field, Monroe, LA.

We have had three reunions 1986, 1989, and 1991. Our next reunion is going to be April of 1993. We are looking for anyone that spent time at Selman which would include PILOTS who flew the twin engine trainers, NAVIGATOR/STUDENTS who attended the navigational courses and GROUND PERSONNEL of all types who maintained the various school and flight facilities at Selman.

The Historical Association is in the process of obtaining a building from the local government to house the various artifacts that were associated with or were

generated by Selman Field Personnel. The Association is dedicated to preserving those artifacts and to renew old acquaintances and memories of WWII.

Any person with former ties to this field is cordially invited to join the association and renew these memories. The dues are \$10 annually, \$80 Life Member and \$100 Charter Member. A Selman Field Newsletter is published 4 times a year and a membership list is issued annually.

For any further info please contact:
 Selman Field Historical Association
 PO Box 14962

Monroe, LA 71207-4962
 Dick Mansfield 44-10
 Membership Chairman

World War II hero is remembered

By ELIZABETH HORNE

Stories of honor and dignity from the past can often be forgotten by people striving to reach for the future. There is one such story, however, and the main character is well known by residents of Monongahela and New Eagle.

Everytime a resident contemplates the neighboring Mathies Mine, this hero's name is mentioned. Sgt. Archibald Mathies — for whom Mathies mine was dedicated in 1944 by his mother, Mary Mathies — was a hero of World War II. For his act of bravery and self-sacrifice, the Congressional Medal of Honor was awarded to him posthumously.

Mathies, a graduate of Monongahela High School in 1938, was described by his brother as a happy-go-lucky fellow who loved life.

"He was well-liked by his classmates and his friends in Finleyville," said David Mathies.



MATHIES

Prior to his time in the Air Force, Archibald Mathies worked at Champion 3 Preparation Plant of Montour 10 Mine. He joined the Air Force in 1940. His fellow workers have erected a monument to his memory in library.

A United States 8th Air Force Aerial Gunner of Scottish birth, Mathies was stationed at Polebrook Airbase in England. The year was 1944, the date Feb. 20.

Many people can well remember the history-making events of that day in 1944.

"Feb. 20, 1944," writes Archibald's brother, David Mathies, "was the start of 'Big Week' when the United States Air Force attempted to knock out the German Aircraft Industry and the Luftwaffe at the same time."

David Mathies recollected the events of that day, as they unfolded from his perspective in the 4th Fighter Group, 15 miles south of Cambridge as an Aircraft Armourer — only 30 miles away from his brother's base he later found.

"I remember the day well as the bombers from nearby Bassingbourne Airdome were out early, circling over our base before daylight and our crew chiefs out on the line warming up the engines of our fighter planes. I was apprehensive all day long, because I knew that Archie would probably be up for the mission," said David, in an address made during a dedication banquet in 1987. "The 20th passed without incident and the next day too. However, that evening I went up to the Red Cross Building for a cup of tea and picked up the London Times newspaper. There on the front page was the whole story, I couldn't believe what I was reading — Archie dead?"

David then said that he located his brother's base, got an emergency leave and then traveled there. On the day of his arrival, he was told his brother was being recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. He later visited the infirmary where he was able to meet some of the men that had been saved as a result of Archibald's bravery.

Archibald Mathies had died while trying to land a war-ravaged Flying Fortress near Glatton, England. Because he refused to sacrifice the life of his wounded and unconscious pilot, Mathies attempted to land the plane, even though he had no flying experience.

Mathies flew more than 400 miles in the ravaged plane. Five men were saved by his heroics, but Mathies wanted to save his pilot.

As subsequent stories retold the event, Mathies, against orders from the flight tower, didn't bail out when he had the chance. Instead he made several passes over the airfield and finally, as he attempted to land the bomber, crashed.

His brother added that the unconscious pilot survived the crash, but several days later died of his wounds.

"His was a cool and calculated decision, not a rash decision made on the spur of the moment or heat of battle, when many men rise to great heights of bravery and self-sacrifice," his brother later wrote.

Although millions of men served in the Air Force during World War II, only 38 won the Congressional Medal of Honor — considered to be the nation's highest award for valor. Of the 38, 34 were officers. Archibald Mathies was the only one out of the four enlisted men who received the medal, to have it awarded posthumously, according to David Mathies.

In June of 1944, the announcement was made that the medal was to be awarded. Mathies' mother, instead of traveling to Washington D.C., had the medal presented in her local church. On July 23, 1944, the medal of honor was presented before a large group of parishoners and friends in Archibald's hometown of Finleyville.

Subsequently, his mother dedicated Mathies Mine; in 1976 Mathies Hall, 1000, Airmen's Dormitory, Chanute Field, Ill., was dedicated May 15 by David Mathies; Aug. 23, 1977, Mathies Manor, 250 Airmen's Doritory, Bolling Air Force Base, Washington D.C., was dedicated by David Mathies; as well as dormitories at Perrin Air Force Base in Texas and Ramstein AFB in Germany. Mathies NCO Academy was dedicated Feb. 13, 1987 at RAF Upwood, England. A picture of Archibald Mathies hangs in the Hall of Valor at the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio.

A Point of Honor

The battle-scarred B-17 circled its base in the UK with wounded aboard and no pilot to land it.

BY JOHN L. FRISBEE
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

By November 1943, the invasion of Europe was only eight months away, and Allied air forces were still far from winning control of the air over the Continent. Air superiority would be essential to the success of the planned Normandy landings. But the strength of the Luftwaffe fighter force was, if anything, increasing.

Lt. Gen. Carl "Tooe" Spaatz, commander of US Strategic Air Forces in Europe, knew that a sustained, all-out attack on Nazi Germany's aircraft industry must be launched—and quickly. At last, after an agonizingly slow buildup, he had the bombers to do the job and enough long-range fighters to escort them to their targets.

A strategic bombing campaign, which was code-named Argument, was worked out in meticulous detail by the operations staffs of Spaatz's headquarters, the Eighth Air Force, VIII Fighter Command, and Ninth Air Force, which provided additional fighters. Spaatz also needed a week of weather good enough for visual bombing if those small targets were to be hit. That was a long time in coming.

Finally, after several postponements due to bad weather, Argument got under way on February 20, 1944—the start of the Big Week that was to break the back of the Luftwaffe. Before dawn on that day, more than 1,000 heavy bombers escorted by some 900 US and RAF fighters climbed through a heavy overcast and icing to attack aircraft factories in eastern Germany and Poland. It was the largest Eighth Air Force bombing raid up to that time.

The 351st Bombardment Group,

based at Polebrook in the UK, was assigned a target in the heavily defended Leipzig area, about 100 miles southwest of Berlin. This was going to be a long, tough mission, especially for 2d Lt. Walter E. Truemper, a young navigator, and engineer Sgt. Archibald Mathies, members of a 351st crew and both on their second mission.

In a running battle near the target, the 351st was attacked by a squadron of Luftwaffe fighters. The B-17 crewed by Truemper and Mathies took direct hits in the cockpit that killed the copilot and left the pilot bleeding and unconscious. As the B-17 fell, out of control, crew members dragged the copilot's body out of the right seat. Lieutenant Truemper, with no experience as a pilot, took over the controls and pulled the bomber out of its dive. Although the cockpit was badly smashed and some of the instruments shot out, he managed, with Sergeant Mathies's help, to fly back to his base at Polebrook, contact the control tower, and describe the condition of the plane and crew.

Truemper reported that he and Sergeant Mathies would try to land the plane after other crew members had bailed out. The group commander, Col. Eugene Romig, and his Operations Officer, Col. Robert W. Burns, checked the condition of the plane and judged that it could

not be landed by an untrained pilot. Truemper was told to put the unconscious pilot in a chute and drop him out of the plane. He replied that the pilot couldn't be moved and that he and Mathies would not abandon the wounded man. Under these circumstances, they were reluctantly cleared to attempt a landing.

Colonel Burns, now a retired major general, recalls what happened as he and Colonel Romig flew alongside the damaged bomber, its cockpit windows blackened and its windshield shattered. Two men with no pilot experience had only a slim chance of landing the crippled plane. Nevertheless, the navigator and engineer were determined to save the life of their pilot, and with luck perhaps they could.

Truemper was instructed to follow Burns and Romig, who would lead them to a landing on the runway. Because of inexperience, battle damage, or both, Truemper wasn't able to slow the B-17 enough to stay with the lead plane or to get his bomber on the ground. Climbing back to traffic altitude, they again attempted a landing, without success.

The stricken B-17's two-man crew decided they could not land on the runway, but might get down safely with gear retracted in an open field near the base. About forty-five minutes after arriving at Polebrook, they came in over the field, cut the engines, touched down, and slid straight ahead on the plane's belly. It looked as though they had won their gamble. Then the plane hit an obstruction and disintegrated. There were no survivors.

Lt. Walter Truemper and Sgt. Archibald Mathies could have abandoned the critically wounded pilot and lived, but as courageous and honorable men, they saw no alternative to their desperate and almost successful attempt to save his life. Both men were awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously for their gallantry on that bleak February day in 1944. ■



Sgt. Archibald Mathies (left) and Lt. Walter Truemper died trying to bring their critically wounded pilot back to their base in Britain.

February 20, 1944

A Survivor Speaks Out

By JOE REX

There have been many accounts of the mission to Leipzig that fateful day of February 20th, 1944. It is not always possible for historians to know exactly how, or why certain events took place. As a member of Lt. Nelson's crew that flew the mission to Leipzig on that particular mission, Joe Rex, Radio operator-Gunner, would like to clarify a few elements of the story that have been printed.

"First of all we were not flying right wing off the group leader. That had been our assigned post, but because of our very late takeoff, due to getting our plane stuck in the mud, we were very near an hour late in getting airborne. We were approaching the IP when we were hit and that was because we were a sitting duck flying tail-end Charlie. . . we just plain had not been able to get any closer, in spite of Lt. Nelson's efforts. The fighter attack was from head on . . . a favorite of the fighter pilots. When the 20MM cannon shell came through Bartley's window, it just about decapitated him and then ricocheted off the armor plate behind him into Lt. Nelson, taking away a good portion of his right jaw. At that point the bomber went into a 15,000 ft. spin and it was Carl Moore who pulled it out. Just before the spin, Lt. Martin called on all to abandon the ship and after having salvoed the bombs he exited the plane. None of us ever blamed him because we had a long standing understanding that when the alarm bell rang it was everyone for himself and, somehow, Lt. Nelson did hit the alarm. Lt. Nelson, while we were in training stateside, insisted that each of us spend a minimum of 2 hours flying the plane, just in case we were ever forced to do so.

Archie Mathies was by far the smallest member of the crew and Carl Moore was the largest. Carl was able to get into the ball turret, but he was very cramped, so this was why he was in the top turret and Archie was in the ball turret. Besides, for some reason Archie just plain loved being down there. This is why I mention particularly that Carl Moore was the one who righted the plane after our spin of 15 to 20,000 ft. because he rode as top turret gunner and Archie Mathies was in the ball turret. As soon as we came out of the spin, Archie moved quickly to the front of the plane and immediately called for help in moving Lt. Bartley's body. I went and helped and, as a matter of fact, when a doctor approached me on the ground after I bailed out, he kept asking about my wounds. It was not mine, but Ron's blood that covered me when we moved him to the bomb bay. Archie called back from time to time to solicit help from four of us in flying the plane, because with the windshield broken completely out by the shot that killed Bartley, one person could not stand that super cold with the wind speed about 140 mph. In the attack the command radio was silenced so I had to rig the high power to use and I have met several persons who were in Italian bases who heard my SOS's. The fighters came back and attacked again; I shot one down . . . he came out of the sun firing and finally I managed to blow him up just as a 20MM cannon shell hit my bubble of plastic and exploded into my flack suit. I had a couple of 'minor' injuries but was able to rig the power to use the radio after one of the waist gunners doped me up with several shots of morphine



Kneeling L/R - Lt. Richard Nelson, Pilot; F/O Ronald Bartley, Co-Pilot; Lt. Wally Truemper, Navigator; Lt. Joe Martin, Bombardier. Standing L/R - Archie Mathies, Ball-Turret, Engineer; Carl Moore, Top-Turret, Assn't. Engineer; Russell Robinson, Waist Gunner; Thomas Sowell, Waist Gunner; Magnus (Mack) Hagbo; Joe Rex, Radio Operator

for the pain of my gunshot wounds. We went back to our base where the navigator, Wally Truemper, and first engineer Sgt. Archie Mathies got permission to try to land the plane, but the rest of us were ordered to bail out. When the bailout order came, two crewmen carried me to the door, put my hand on the rip cord ring and threw me out. I actually pulled it a bit too soon and the propwash popped it out with a great bang and one panel on the chute popped out, dropping me much quicker than is healthy. As I approached the ground I could see that I was going to land in barbed wire entanglement so I tried to guide myself as I had seen it done in the movies. Of course, I overdid it and dumped the chute about 40 ft. up. I landed with one foot on the hardstand and one in the mud, resulting in a triple fracture of my right ankle. One of the real fine people in the riggers room cut the popped panel from the rest of the chute and brought it to me in the hospital, and I still have it.

The awarding of honors came later and this was the highest honored crew in the history of the Air Force. Truemper and Mathies received the Medal of Honor, Carl Moore the Distinguished Service Cross and I was awarded the Silver Star. In addition, there were 5 purple hearts awarded. Later, other members of the crew, in subsequent missions, won Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses. For the records,

the crewmen aboard 'Ten Horsepower' that fateful day were Lt. Clarence R. Nelson, Pilot; F/O Ronald E. Bartley, Co-Pilot; Lt. Joseph R. Martin, Bombardier; Lt. Wally Truemper, Navigator; Sgts. Archie Mathies, Carl Moore, Russell Robinson, Thomas Sowell, Magnus (Mack) Hagbo and me.

Another thing that I have not seen written was the name Lt. Nelson's mother gave our original plane may have had a bearing on survival. It was 'Mizpah'. . . in the Old Testament means . . . The Lord Watch Between Me and Thee While We Are Absent One From The Other.

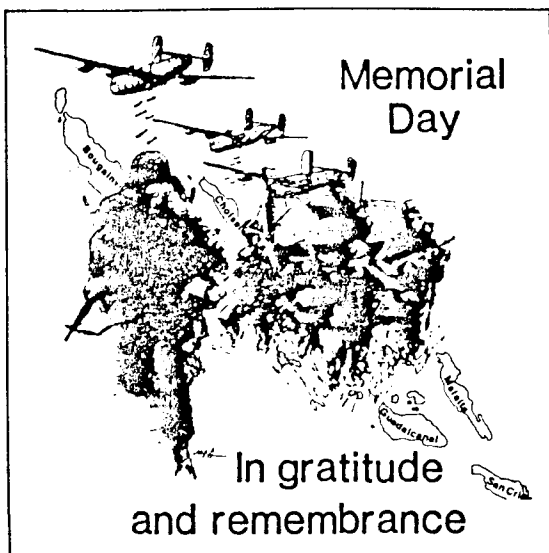
My purpose in bringing up all these things was because I thought the remaining members once of the 351st Bomb Group should be proud that one of their many crews was the most decorated in the 8th Air Force . . . or possibly the entire Air Force in World War II. The tremendous defense put up by the Germans for raids on Berlin, and even the Leipzig raid, where we went down . . . Intelligence told us we would be facing 1200 anti-aircraft batteries, and that a large number of German fighter aircraft would be waiting for us beyond the range of the P51's, the 47's and the P38's. As I dimly recall, that was from about 400 miles from Leipzig. Believe me . . . this is not intended to be the Joe Rex battle against the German Air Force . . . it was a CREW of U.S. Airmen".

ARTICLE FROM
"POWEBROOK POST"
VOL III #3 SEP 1984

The Corporate Conveyor

May 22, 1987

Vol. 11, No. 10



"Lest we forget"

Archie Mathies, a Finleyville coal miner at Montour 10, enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1940.

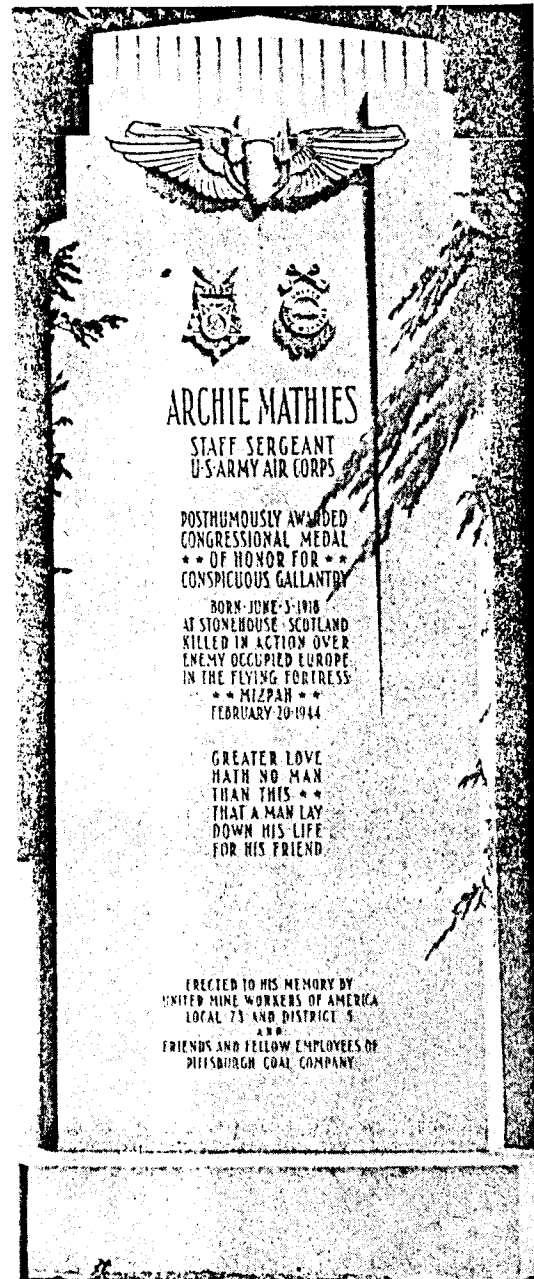
He was trained as a flight engineer and was assigned to the Flying Fortress (B-17), Mizpah, that was stationed in Polebrooke, England.

On February 20, 1944, the plane and her crew of ten left England on her second mission over enemy territory. Deep in Germany, the plane was hit by enemy fire. The pilot was wounded and unconscious and the co-pilot was killed.

Mathies and the crew managed to fly the crippled aircraft back to England. They were ordered to parachute to safety and abandon the plane. Sgt. Mathies and the navigator refused to leave the wounded pilot while the rest of the crew jumped and were saved. In an attempt to land the plane, it crashed in an open field and all aboard were killed.

The M.V. Mathies, of Consol's river fleet, and the Mathies Coal Mine near Finleyville were both dedicated in memory of our local hero, Archie Mathies.

This monument on Brownsville Road in Library stands near Consol's mine, Montour 10, where Archie Mathies worked. Also, a placque dedicated to Archie Mathies is in Soldiers and Sailors Hall in Oakland.



(A special thanks to Glen Gruber, River Division, for story idea)

CONSOL Consolidation Coal Company

General Office

Manager
News & Information Services

June 14, 1990

Dear Dave:

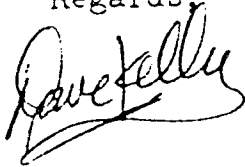
Here's a copy of the story on Archie. Hope it's factually correct and meets with your approval.

After reading all the material and your remembrances, I felt like I knew him when I finished writing the story. He must have been quite a guy.

The name of the new paper is Seniors Focus and it will be out next month. The Shop and Save Stores are promoting it and selling it, although it's editorially independent.

Again many thanks for your assistance with the story. By the way my phone is ~~831~~ 831-1135.

Regards



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(202) 686-3011



Kelly's Corner

By DAVE KELLY



Years may pass, but saga of Archie's valor lives on

Scottish-born Archie Mathies was a Yankee Doodle through and through.

He came to America at age 3, and grew up around the mines of Finleyville until enlisting in the Army Air Corps a year before Pearl Harbor plunged the nation into World War II.

After graduating from Monongahela High in 1938, he spent the next three years working at the Champion Coal Preparation plant following in the footsteps of his dad, who spent 53 years in the mines of Scotland and United States.

Archie definitely would not understand the current controversy raging over the Supreme Court decision that allows burning and other desecrations of the American flag.

The reason he would have a problem is that he died for that flag, and, in the strange way that those things seem to happen, for the right to express one's dissent by setting the flag on fire or sewing it to the seat of a pair of pants.

No, Archie would never have understood the disrespect to his adopted flag.

Archie's rendezvous with death and glory began on a cold, damp day at his base at Polebrook, northwest of Cambridge in England. It was Feb. 20, 1944.

Recently promoted to staff sergeant, he was the flight engineer in the crew assigned to *Mizpah*, one of thousands of B-17s operating out of English bases just four months before invasion of the continent.

The name *Mizpah* was suggested by the mother of the pilot, Lt. Clarence Nelson. It was a Biblical term that meant, "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, one from another."

The crew voted for *Mizpah*.

On that February dawn, Archie was four months shy of being 26 years old and on his second mission as flight engineer and turret gunner. He had written home about *Mizpah* and of how one day, he believed, she would win him a medal.

But on the taxiway, heading for a mission over Leipzig with other B-17s of the 351st Bomb Group, fate stepped in.

A ground vehicle pulled in front of *Mizpah*. The pilot swerved to avoid a collision and the aircraft's wheel slipped off the tarmac into the mud. A bomb-laden B-17 is a monster to get unstuck.

In the hurry-up atmosphere of a major mission decisions are made quickly, and the crew of *Mizpah* was shifted to another Flying Fort named *Ten-Horsepower*. *Ten-Horsepower* was to be a tail-end Charlie, late getting off the ground and trailing the bomber stream through the flight to Leipzig, rather than being in the middle of the first bomber formation.

But they were airborne in the high box and on their way to Germany. Flying in bombers, they say, comprises hours of sheer boredom for a few seconds of stark terror.

Two hundred miles west of their target, terror struck in the form of 40 enemy fighters.

On the first pass, a Messerschmidt put a 20 mm. cannon shell through the cockpit decapitating the co-pilot, Lt. Ronald Bartley, and tearing off the lower jaw of the Pilot, Lt. Nelson, who slumped over unconscious. The plane went into a spiraling dive.

While Archie and another crewman struggled to level off the big bomber, fate played a second card.

The bombardier, a washed out pilot who might have been able to handle the flight home to a safe landing, told the crew to bail out,

and then jumped clear to internment in a stalag.

Archie and Lt. Walter Truemper, of Aurora, Ill., the navigator, had taken the controls of *Ten-Horsepower* and the pilot, who was still unconscious, but alive, was judged to be too badly hurt to leave the aircraft.

Fate dealt another card.

They'd try to bring it back to England, and the remainder of the crew would stick with the plane.

Archie knew the workings of his bird as well as any flight engineer, and the navigator could find his way home blindfolded. But neither man had ever tried to land anything before.

The wintry skies were bitter. It was 40 degrees below zero in the cockpit as the two fledglings fought their way across Europe praying they wouldn't be discovered by enemy pilots.

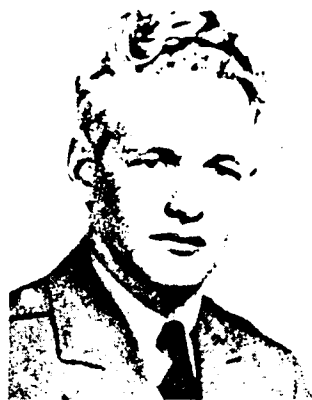
Late in the afternoon they roared over the base at Polebrook with Archie describing their predicament to the tower and explaining that they wanted to land.

The officer of the day at Polebrook got on the horn to the commanding officer at the base, and they ordered Archie and the rest of the crew to head for the coast and bail out.

Archie forced a compromise. The remaining five gunners would parachute out over the field while he and Lt. Truemper would stay with the pilot and try to bring *Ten-Horsepower* down safely.

Another B-17 went up to help talk them down, but flying alongside *Ten-Horsepower* was extremely hazardous because the plane was shot up so bad and the two men in her cockpit were having nothing but trouble keeping her airborne.

Two attempts were made to land.



The first time, Archie got hung up in bomber traffic at an alternate airfield with wide runways where he might have been successful — another quirk of fate.

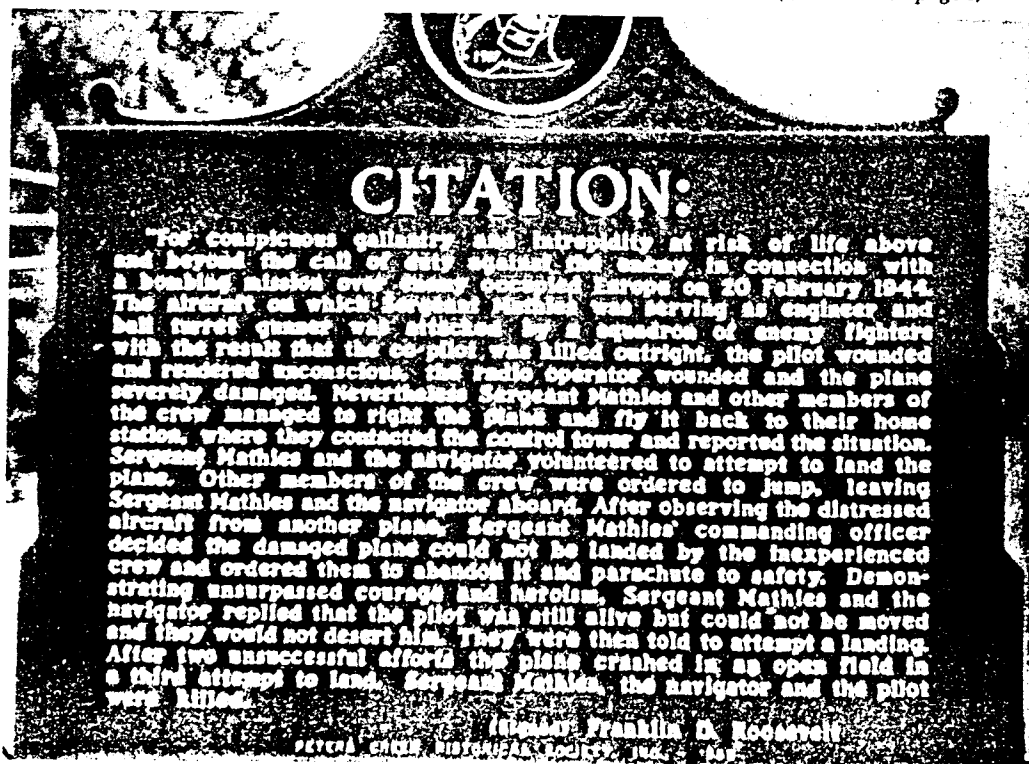
A second attempt, at Polebrook, was too high and Archie overshot his mark. He was sent to a large rolling field west of the main runway where there was room for some error. But here again, fate was the hunter.

In their inexperience, the two airmen, checked out the grade of the field, it ran from up to down on a slant. Instead of picking the downward angle of descent, they chose the other.

The result was terrible and immediate. The ship cartwheeled as its nose and props dug into the earth. *Ten-Horsepower*, tail number 42-31763, exploded and died. Archie and the navigator died with her. Ironically the pilot was alive when rescue workers got to the scene. He died later that day.

Archie became only the 2nd enlisted airman to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the only one to ever receive it

(Continued on page 5)





Brother David at Archie's grave

Archie Mathies

posthumously on that gray day in England, only a few hundred miles from his birthplace in Scotland.

But fate still wasn't done with him.

His brother David was serving at the time with the 4th Fighter Group south of Cambridge. The 4th FG had originally been called the Eagle Squadron prior to America's entry into the war.

David knew Archie was nearby, but because of wartime restrictions couldn't pinpoint the Bomber Group's exact location.

On Feb. 22, David, an armorer with his unit, went to the Red Cross building for a cup of tea. There he picked up a copy of the London Times and read Archie's tragic story on page one.

David, a retired insurance executive who serves as town secretary in Union Twp., was given an emergency leave and went to Polebrook where he learned of plans to recommend Archie and Lt. Truemper for the Medal of Honor.

David wrote to their mother back in Finleyville to tell her how Archie had died. The day his letter arrived, the family's insurance man had stopped by.

Mary Mathies asked him to read her son's letter to her. The man began to read and then suggested she get her glasses and read it herself.

David's letter was the first news she had of Archie's death. It had beaten the War Department telegram to her home.

Over the 46 years since Feb. 20, 1944, many honors have been accorded Staff Sgt. Archie Mathies. There's a monument to him in Library, Pa., erected by the United Mine Workers of America, Local 73 and District 5 with the cooperation of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, now part of Consolidation Coal.

The non-commissioned officers academy at RAF Upwood in the United Kingdom was named in his honor along with Mathies Hall at Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois.

The Mathies mine in Washington County also helps to keep Archie's memory alive.

The monument in Library dedicated to Archie bears two inscriptions. One is from John XV.13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

At the bottom of the monument are the names of the other kids from the community who died in World War II and the wars since. The second inscription reads: "And these, too, died that man might live in freedom."

Those guys wouldn't have understood why it is okay to burn the flag either.

Community goals . . . FROM PAGE 1

grams which serve the health and social needs of all our valued patrons.

"This year, we launched an elementary school drug education program called 'Hugs Not Drugs.' This acclaimed anti-drug program, featuring Hugie Bear, is already being replicated in other markets around the country.

"Our company has developed and/or supported other projects designed to expand nutrition and general health standards required for a better quality of life. 'Fitness Facts,' for example, uses a color-coded shelf tag system to highlight foods that are high in calcium and fiber, or low in calories, cholesterol, fat or sodium.

"Environmental concerns prompted us to search for a line of paper products that are environmentally-safe. As a result, we have quality paper products under the C.A.R.E. label which stands for 'Consumer Action to Restore the Environment.'

"For the past two years, we have supported the Westmoreland County Senior Games which offer area citizens an opportunity to enjoy friendly competition in a variety of events.

"Our goal in absorbing the major part of distribution costs for SENIOR FOCUS is to insure that vital information will be spread on a broad base and will serve the needs and interests of seniors and all those interested in their well-being.

"An added benefit is that the money generated from sales of the newspaper will support Project Bundle-Up. Project Bundle-Up funds enable local Salvation Army offices throughout the Tri-state area to purchase warm winter clothing for needy children and senior citizens.

"Supporting SENIOR FOCUS, however, does not mean that Charley Brothers will participate in, nor seek to influence, editorial content and policies of the publication. My colleagues and I have concluded that the publication is in the hands of experienced and dedicated professionals.

"On behalf of the independent owners and employees of Shop 'n Save as well as Charley Brothers, let me welcome each and every reader into a relationship we are confident will expand and prosper for years to come."



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Prescriptions Welcomed

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* In-Office Optical Lab
* Emergency Repair

Designer Eyewear by Dior, Polo
Liz Claiborne and more.

Q U I E T N E S S

"Be still and know that I am God,"
That I who made and gave thee life
Will lead thy faltering steps aright:
That I who see each sparrow's fall
Will hear and heed thy earnest call.
I am God.

"Be still and know that I am God,"
When aching burdens crush thy heart.
Then know I form thee for thy part
And purpose in the plan I hold,
Thou art the clay that I would mold.
~~Trust in God.~~

"Be still and know that I am God, "
Who made the tiny atom's span
And set it moving to my plan.
That I who guide the stars above
Will guide thee in my love.
Be thou still.

Doran.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Finleyville, Pennsylvania



"Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain."

July 23, 1944

Minister, Arthur L. South

Morning Worship

10:00

Sunday School

11:00

Morning Worship

Order of Service

Prelude

Call to Worship

Doxology

Invocation and Apostles' Creed

Responsive Reading 34

Hymn No 52
Tabernacle Hymns 303
Come, Thou Almighty King

Reading from the Word of God,

Hymn No 192, omit 2
Tabernacle Hymns 342, omit 2
All hail the power of Jesus name

One minute of silent prayer (standing)

Prayer

Prayer Response

Worship with Offerings

Offertory Prayer

Anthem

In Memory of
Sargeant Archibald Mathies U.S. Army Air Forces

Friend and Citizen Reverend Arthur L. South

The Soldier and The Chaplain
Chaplain C.I. Carpenter
(Colonel)
Air Chaplain, Hqs, AAF

Sargeant Mathies — The Hero
Lt. Colonel H.D. Krafft, AC
A.A.F. Awards Board

Presentation of Medal of Honor
Major General Howard A. Craig
Asst Chief of Air Staff

Hymn No 267, omit 2
Tabernacle Hymns 337, omit 2,3
Faith of our fathers

Benediction

Response by Choir

Postlude

"Like As A Father"

IN MEMORY OF A MEMBER OF ULWA #73
SGT. ARCHIBALD MATHIES - POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED
CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

Archie Mathies has gone. He passed on in a blaze of glory that leaves us, his buddies and fellow workers, somewhat awe-stricken with the honor which has come to us through him.

Most of us knew Archie and his dad, Bill Mathies, who has worked at Montour #10 Mine for over twenty years. Archie started to work at Champion #3 Preparation Plant of Montour #10 Mine after graduating in 1937 from Monongahela High School. He left us to join the Air Force on December 30th, 1940.

Archie was an engineer-gunner. His Flying Fortress was riddled with shell fire in a raid over Germany. The pilot was seriously wounded—the co-pilot was killed and in this emergency Archie took over the controls and though the plane was almost unmanageable, he fought his way over Europe, across the channel back to England where most of the crew bailed out. In spite of orders from his home base, Archie and his navigator refused to abandon the wounded pilot and decided to land the plane or die in the attempt. They died in the attempt. Archie gave his life to save his buddy.

We also are Archie's buddies and we want to do something to perpetuate his memory and to mark our pride in his achievements. We have decided to build a monument to be located in Library where Archie worked.

We know that Local Union #73 who boast of being the only local in the country to count a Congressional Medal of Honor man in their membership will be proud to lead by subscription in the erection of this monument. Local #7956 (Library Shops), the Federal Store and all the other Pittsburgh Coal Company workers in Library district claim the privilege of participation.

Everyone will be given an opportunity to subscribe. We can do little in comparison with what Archie has done, but in the little we can do we invite your cooperation.

(Signed)

Robert MacLachlan, Chairman
Mathies Memorial Committee

Library, Pa.
July 10, 1944

MEDAL OF HONOR

TRUE TALKS OF THE NATION'S HIGHEST AWARD

By A.S. CURTIS



2ND LT. WALTER E. TRUEMPER OF AURORA, ILL. (RIGHT) AND SGT. ARCHIBALD MATHIES OF PINLEVILLE, PA. REFUSING TO PARACHUTE TO SAFETY, THEY DIED IN A VAIN EFFORT TO SAVE THEIR WOUNDED PILOT.

COMBATANT UNIT BY A.S. CURTIS IN ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL ARENS

FEB. 20, 1944: FLYING FORTRESS (B-17) ON A BOMBING MISSION TO LEIPZIG, GERMANY, IS ATTACKED OVER ENEMY TERRITORY BY A SQUADRON OF NAZI FIGHTER PLANES.



A 20MM. SHELL EXPLODES IN THE COCKPIT, KILLING THE CO-PILOT AND WOUNDING THE PILOT, WHO LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS. THE PLANE GOES INTO A TAILSPIN --



HEY! THERE'S NO ONE AT THE CONTROLS!

AFTER A CREW MEMBER LEVELS THE PLANE OFF, LT. TRUEMPER, THE NAVIGATOR, COMES TO HIS ASSISTANCE.



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THEM SO WE CAN GUIDE THE SHIP

DESPITE DAMAGED CONTROLS THE CREW SUCCEEDS IN FLYING THE HUGE PLANE BACK TO ENGLAND. BUT, NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO LAND IT.



ORDERS ARE TO BAIL OUT! YOU CAN'T LAND THE PLANE YOURSELVES.

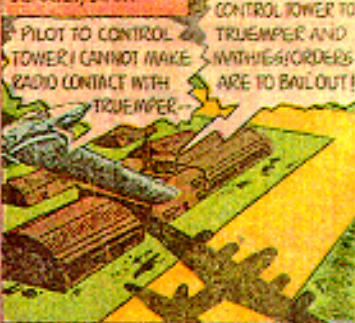
WE MUST TRY TO LAND. THE PILOT IS STILL ALIVE BUT CAN'T BE MOVED. WE'LL STAND BY HIM.

ALL CREWMEN BAIL OUT AS TRUEMPER AND MATHIES REMAIN WITH THE WOUNDED PILOT IN AN ATTEMPTED LANDING.



ALL THE CREW OUT BUT YOU AND I AND THE PILOT. LET'S TRY TO LAND THIS CRATE

A GUIDE PLANE TAKES OFF IN AN ATTEMPT TO HELP, BUT CANNOT MAKE RADIO CONTACT. WING-TO-WING FLIGHT IS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE THE CRIPPLED B-17 FLIES SO JERKILY, SOON --



CONTROL TOWER TO TRUEMPER AND MATHIES: ORDERS ARE TO BAIL OUT!

PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER: I CANNOT MAKE RADIO CONTACT WITH TRUEMPER.



TRUEMPER TO TOWER -- WE CAN'T LEAVE THE PILOT. LET US TRY TO LAND THE PLANE OURSELVES.

FULLY AWARE THAT THEIR OWN LIVES ARE AT STAKE, THE TWO AIRMEN DECIDE TO STAND BY THEIR WOUNDED PILOT.



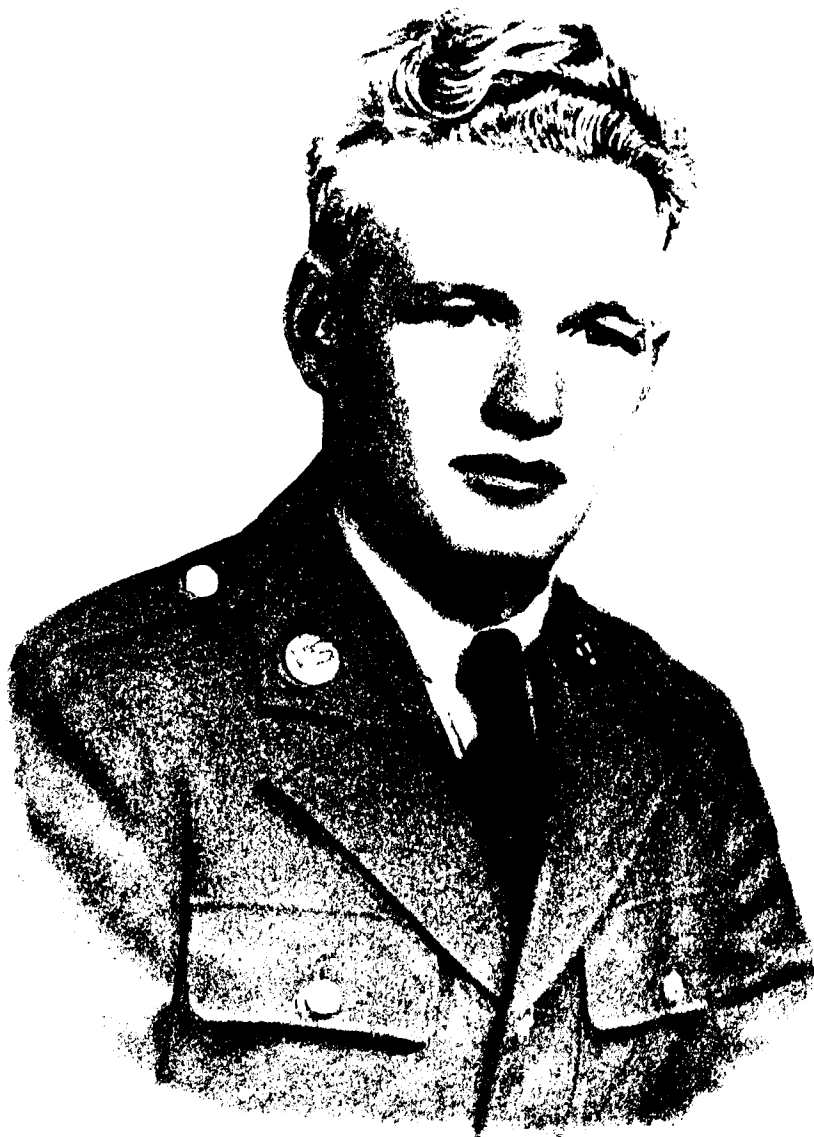
Twice they try to land but fail.



ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT THE PLANE CRASHED INTO AN OPEN FIELD, KILLING ITS THREE LIVING PASSENGERS. FOR THEIR ACTION, ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, BOTH TRUEMPER AND MATHIES WERE AWARDED THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

MICHAEL ARENS

His name is Walter E. Truemper



SSgt Archibald Mathies
David J. Mathies
Keesler NCO Academy
Mathies Hall
Dedication Ceremony
16 February 1995

AIR EDUCATION AND TRAINING COMMAND
COLLEGE FOR ENLISTED PROFESSIONAL MILITARY EDUCATION
KEESLER NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER ACADEMY

Staff Sergeant Archibald Mathies was awarded the Medal of Honor for willingly sacrificing his life for his country and his friends while attempting to land the B-17G “Ten Horsepower.” The spirit of his heroic act lives on today in the professional NCOs who pass through the halls that bear his name at the Keesler NCO Academy.

MATHIES HALL

DEDICATION CEREMONY

16 February 1995

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

MSgt Margaret Sizemore

INVOCATION 1300

DEDICATION REMARKS

RIBBON CUTTING CEREMONY

DISPLAY VIEWING

RECEPTION

STAFF SERGEANT ARCHIBALD MATHIES AND THE CREW OF THE "TEN HORSEPOWER"

Archibald "Archie" Mathies enlisted in 1940, volunteered for flight duty, and was trained as a B-17 Flight Engineer/Aerial Gunner. He was assigned in January 1944 to the 510th Bombardment Squadron, 351st Bombardment Group, located in Polebrook, Northamptonshire, England. On 20 February 1944, only 33 days after joining the 351st, Staff Sergeant Mathies and his crew boarded a B-17 called the "Ten Horsepower" and headed for their target; the Erla aircraft factory in Leipzig, Germany. This was the first day of "Big Week," when the night of the Eighth Air Force would be directed against Germany's aircraft factories.

Despite a 20 minute delay in take-off, the crew of "Ten Horsepower" made formation prior to beginning their bomb run. Flak was heavy at the target, and by all accounts, "Ten Horsepower" was severely damaged. At least six enemy fighters targeted Archie's plane. A German 20mm round exploded in the cockpit, injuring the pilot and rendering him unconscious. The copilot was killed, and with no one at the controls, the plane began spiralling toward earth.

After plunging 20,000 feet and battling tremendous centrifugal force, the top turret gunner, Sergeant Carl Moore made a miraculous recovery and "Ten Horsepower" began its long journey home. The pilot was still unconscious, and control of the plane was given to Archie, who was then the most experienced pilot with only two flying hours to his credit.

Returning to Polebrook, the crew of "Ten Horsepower" were facing impossible odds. Communications, which had been damaged by enemy fire, were partially restored by Sergeant Joe Rex, the radio operator, who had been wounded during the fighter attack. When it was understood that Sergeant Mathies was flying the plane and had never made a landing, the order was given to abandon the aircraft.

Sergeant Mathies and the navigator, Lieutenant Truemper, were to fly over the base to let the gunners bail out. They were to direct the plane for the coast, set the automatic pilot, and then bail out themselves. The crew flatly refused. The pilot, Lieutenant Nelson, was still alive but could not be moved. They would not leave him. After much discussion, Sergeant Mathies and Lieutenant Truemper were given permission to try to land the plane. The remaining crew members bailed out.

To assist Sergeant Mathies and Lieutenant Truemper, another B-17 was launched to talk them down. Ship to ship communication was impossible; everything had to go through the tower. Two attempts to land the plane were unsuccessful: one at Polebrook, the second at an adjacent airfield, Moleworth. Working his way back to Polebrook, Archie spotted a farmer's field and decided to try landing there. He was fired and the bomber was increasingly difficult to control. The crew of the second B-17 saw what he was doing and knew he was in trouble. What Archie didn't know was the field he was attempting to land in ended in a steep hill. It was here the "Ten Horsepower" crashed. Sergeant Mathies and Lieutenant Truemper were killed. Incredibly, Lieutenant Nelson survived the crash only to die later that evening from major injuries. Sergeant Mathies and Lieutenant Truemper had accomplished what they set out to do, but at great personal cost.

What began as an ordinary mission ended quite differently. The "Ten Horsepower" crew became the most highly decorated aircrew in Eighth Air Force history. Six Purple Hearts were awarded. Sergeant Joe Rex received a Silver Star, our nation's third highest decoration, for his efforts at restoring communications. Sergeant Carl Moore was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross, our nation's second highest decoration, for his incredible recovery of the aircraft. In recognition for the supreme sacrifices made by Lieutenant Walter Truemper and Sergeant Archibald Mathies, each was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor.

Sergeant Archibald Mathies remains one of only five enlisted airmen ever to be awarded the Medal of Honor.

THE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL OF HONOR

Ten Horsepower Flight Members

2nd Lt. Clarence R. Nelson, Pilot

2nd Lt. Joseph R. Martin, Bombardier

2nd Lt. Walter H. Truemper, Navigator

F/O Ronald E. Bartley, Co-pilot

S/Sgt. Archibald Mathies, Ball Turret Gunner

Sgt. Magnus A. Hagbo, Tail Gunner

Sgt. Carl W. Moore, Top Turret Gunner

Sgt. Joseph F. Rex, Radio Operator/Gunner

Sgt. Russell R. Robinson, Right Waist Gunner

Sgt. Thomas R. Sowell, Left Waist Gunner

The military is a special and unique calling where the people who serve within it can, and are called upon at a moment's notice to lay down their lives in the defense of their nation. It is the sacrifices of these individuals that guarantee the freedoms we so often take for granted. During moments of war and conflict the actions of a few exceed the normal call to duty. These acts were so singularly distinctive in their courage, selflessness, and bravery that our government felt they could only be recognized by the award of a Medal of Honor.

General Washington started it all in 1782. Sacrifices at Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Valley Forge had won independence for the United States. The General felt that some kind of recognition should be given to the common men of the continental army whose efforts extended beyond the normal call of duty. Thus, the badge of Military Merit (the Purple Heart), our country's first military decoration, was born. From that first decoration, awarded to only three men, grew both the philosophy and the method by which this country expresses its appreciation to those deserving members of its military. Following that guideline, the Medal of Honor, authorized by Congress and first awarded in 1862, was the only Medal given during the Civil War.

Over the years a set of uncompromising standards evolved for the awarding of the Medal of Honor. The deed must be proved by indisputable evidence of at least two eyewitnesses; it must be so outstanding it clearly distinguishes gallantry beyond the call of duty from lesser forms of bravery; it must involve the risk of life; and it must be the type of deed which, if not done, would not be subjected to any justified criticism.

The Medal of Honor holds a special place in the hearts of all men and women of the armed forces. It conjures up memories of fallen friends and comrades who make the ultimate sacrifice. It is a token presented by a grateful nation to be worn without words for all to see and honor. Not constructed of precious metals, instead forged by incredible deeds--deeds of intrepidity, honor, valor, and sacrifice. These traits cannot be taught or planned, but come from within. These are virtues and values a person grows up with, the fiber that holds his being together. These men have a deep personal integrity that cannot be bound by laws or other obligations but something so personal that it drives them to do great feats. These feats are so great and selfless that all too often the Medal of Honor has been awarded posthumously to those who died preserving the freedoms guaranteed to all Americans and admired by all mankind. The Medal of Honor is awarded, lest we forget the great sacrifices these men have made; thus not a reward for the person who wears it, but recognition by those who will never know the test or ever be called to give, without thinking or questioning, something so precious as their own life for another.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

John 15:13



STAFF SERGEANT ARCHIBALD MATHIES

MEDAL OF HONOR CITATION

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy in connection with a bombing mission over enemy occupied Europe on 20 February 1944. The aircraft on which Sergeant Mathies was serving as engineer and ball turret gunner was attacked by a squadron of enemy fighters with the result that the copilot was killed outright, the pilot wounded and rendered unconscious, the radio operator wounded, and the airplane severely damaged. Nevertheless, Sergeant Mathies and other members of the crew managed to right the airplane and fly it back to their home station, where they contacted the control tower and reported the situation. Sergeant Mathies and the navigator volunteered to attempt to land the airplane. Other members of the crew were ordered to jump, leaving Sergeant Mathies and the navigator aboard. After observing the distressed aircraft from another airplane, Sergeant Mathies' commanding officer decided the damaged airplane could not be landed by the inexperienced crew and ordered them to abandon it and parachute to safety. Demonstrating unsurpassed courage and heroism, Sergeant Mathies and the navigator replied that the pilot was still alive but could not be moved and that they would not desert him. They were then told to attempt a landing. After two unsuccessful efforts the airplane crashed into an open field in a third attempt to land. Sergeant Mathies, the navigator and the wounded pilot were killed.

**THE HISTORY
OF THE
KEESLER NCO ACADEMY**

- The 1872nd School Squadron at Richards-Gebaur AFB, Missouri was activated on 1 October 1972. Major General Paul R. Stoney, Air Force Communications Service (AFCS) Commander, presented the command's Noncommissioned Officer Academy guidon to Captain Henry L. Cyr Jr., Commandant.
- The NCO Academy opened for the first time to 71 "hand-picked" students on 1 May 1972.
- On 1 July 1974, AFCS activated the NCO Leadership School under the direction of Major General Donald L. Werbeck, AFCS Commander.
- A new horizon was reached in Professional Military Education (PME) when 44 student graduated from the first NCO Leadership School "Extension Service" at Tinker AFB, Oklahoma in September 1976.
- The school relocated to Keesler AFB, Mississippi in October 1977, and the NCO Academy and NCO Leadership School joined to form the Air Force Communications Command (AFCC) NCO PME Center.
- Command of the AFCC NCO PME Center was transferred to Air Training Command (ATC) on 1 October 1991, and the first ATC NCO Academy-Keesler class began on 2 October 1991.
- The Academy was redesignated as the Keesler NCO Academy on 1 July 1993.
- The school's present command organization became official on 1 November 1993 when Air Training Command became the Air Education and Training Command.
- Another horizon was reached with the activation of the College for Enlisted Professional Military Education (CEPME) on 15 December 1993. The Keesler NCO Academy was realigned under CEPME with command lineage via Headquarters, Air University to Headquarters, Air Education and Training Command.
- On 16 February 1995 the building housing the Keesler NCO Academy was designated "Mathies Hall," in honor of Staff Sergeant Archibald Mathies, a World War II Medal of Honor recipient. This latest milestone serves as a perpetual legacy to the historical spirit of Professional Military Education -- leadership.

**Mathies Hall
Dedication Committee**

**CMSgt Charles Dickerson
Commandant**

**MSgt Chuck Nelson
Director of Resources**

**MSgt Larry Gee
Director of Logistics**

**MSgt Greg Sullivan
Chief, Curriculum Support**

**MSgt Jan Gerstlauer
Chief of Supervision Division**

**TSgt Linda Williams
Instructor**

Our sincerest appreciation and thanks to the Keesler AFB Honor Guard and to those special individuals who made this vision a reality...